

AUG 13 '36  
 10 FLOOR

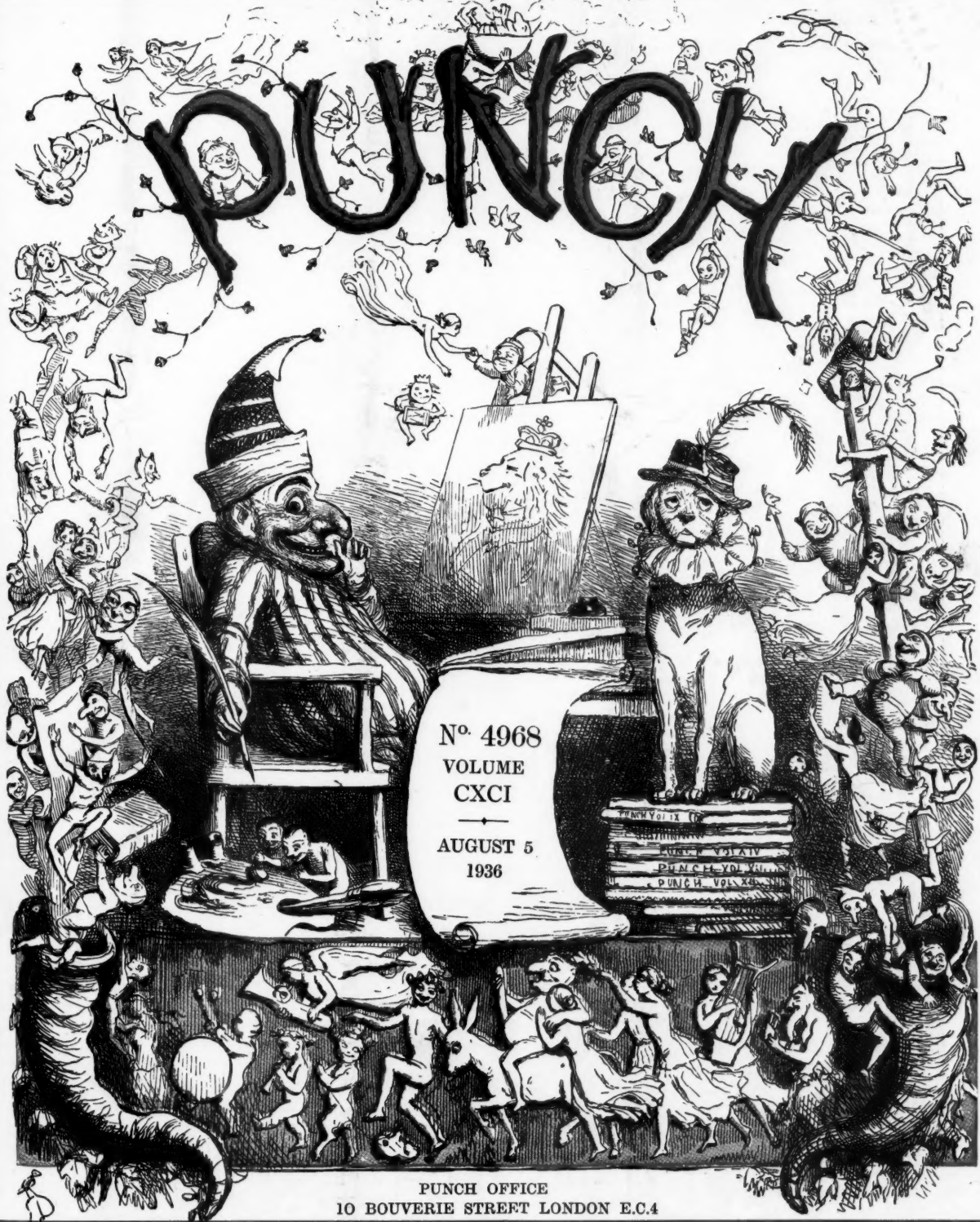
# MOTOR · UNION

## INSURANCE CO. LTD.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

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PUNCH OFFICE  
 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

"Fit and Forget"

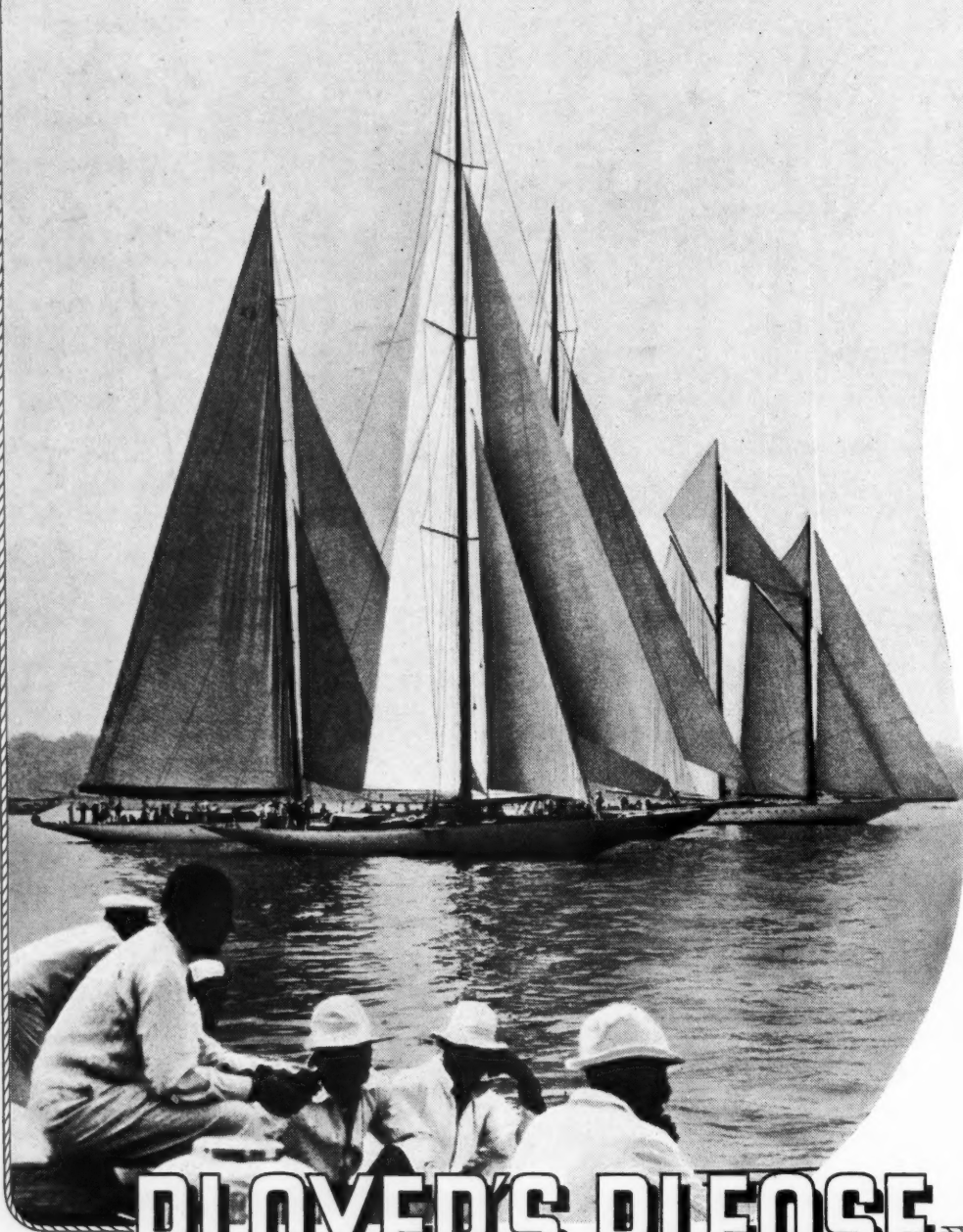
# K · L · G

Sparkling Plugs

## AT ALL EVENTS . . .

At fashionable gatherings everywhere, Player's are always in a majority. Consistent excellence and quality are bound to tell, besides "It's the Tobacco that Counts."

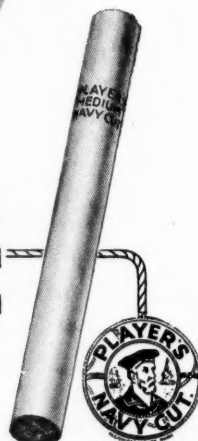
COWES' WEEK



# PLAYER'S PLEASE

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 10 for 6<sup>d</sup> 20 for 11½<sup>d</sup> 50 for 2/5

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS



## Charivaria.



It is believed in some parts that bow-legs are a sign of courage; and of course they are if their owners go about in hiking shorts.

★ ★ ★

An oculist asserts that he can cure cataract with a herbal solution. We suspect it will turn out to be just eye-wash.

★ ★ ★

Another war, we are warned, would certainly end in world chaos. There seems little sense in preparing to fight for something that we have got already.

★ ★ ★

MUSSOLINI, by the way, is said to dislike our commanding position in the Mediterranean. Apparently he disapproves of the cut of our Gib.

★ ★ ★

Recent high winds suggest the advisability of fitting steering gadgets to camping tents.

★ ★ ★

Be careful of plausible strangers in railway carriages. A correspondent allowed himself to be drawn into conversation by a fellow-traveller and after a short time found himself suddenly cornered and helplessly listening to a long tale of a two-yard putt at the ninth.

★ ★ ★

In reply to the doctor who says that he thinks nothing of walking fifteen miles a day, we can only say that we don't think very much of it either.

★ ★ ★

"The thought of a summer frost—which is not impossible—really frightens the amateur gardener," says a horticultural expert. Chilling him, as it were, to the vegetable marrow.

★ ★ ★

"Why do so many American tourists go to Edinburgh to see Princes Street?" asks a writer. As an Edinburgh correspondent points out, because they wouldn't see it if they went anywhere else.

★ ★ ★

According to a hygienist, there is less rubbish in the air in the summer than there is in the winter. The explanation may be that during the summer he doesn't use his radio-set so much.

Although unable to explain why, an ex-detective declares that a fat man is much harder to shadow than a thin one. Probably because he keeps on looking round?

★ ★ ★

Some newspapers stated that the bomb which recently fell by the liner *Chitral* missed by fifty yards; others gave the distance as forty and thirty yards, and one judged it to be even less. It is a good thing there aren't more newspapers, or the *Chitral* would probably have been hit.

★ ★ ★

The hairdresser, it is claimed, helps many a girl to find a husband. But he can't guarantee the men permanent wives.

★ ★ ★

In the opinion of a West End hairdresser not one woman in a hundred could pass a beauty test. That probably explains why not one woman in a hundred can pass a beauty-parlour either.

★ ★ ★

Mortality among grouse was below the average last spring, but it's expected to be above the average before the autumn.

★ ★ ★

"All you need for the holidays can be obtained here cheaper than anywhere else," says a notice in a London

shop window. We wonder what they charge for five-pound notes?

★ ★ ★

"Scotland Yard hard-up?" says a headline. Surely someone can spare a copper.

★ ★ ★

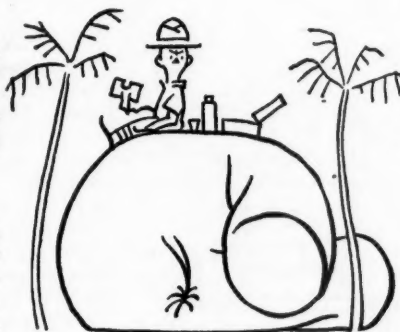
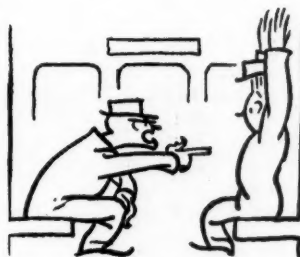
A lamb in Essex is said to be able to run at a speed of thirty miles an hour. It clearly intends to try to keep up with Mary.

★ ★ ★

Tradesmen complain that August Bank Holiday week is neither one thing nor the other. This will come as a surprise to those who imagined it was both.

★ ★ ★

A prospector who left this country six months ago to seek for gold in the Congo writes that at last he has stumbled on something really big. He ought to be careful—it may be an elephant.





## Having Been Away.

"OUCH!" said the man with the gold tie-pin.

I gave up trying to turn over my evening paper and settled down to a steady and resentful inspection of the Stock Exchange Prices. Some are interested in Stock Exchange Prices, some are not, and in the latter class I make so bold as to claim a high place. But whenever I am wedged immovably in a third-class carriage on my way home, inscrutable chance dictates that my paper should be folded at this page and no other. It happens so often that I dare say among my fellow-travellers I have the reputation of being something pretty shrewd in the City. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if one day the man next to me said, Did I think Nitrates were worth hanging on to, or would he be better advised to plunge into Zinc?

On the present occasion, however, the man next to me merely said "Ouch!" when I tried to turn over.

He was a fat man and I resented it. There were only seventeen of us in the compartment, and, as every experienced traveller knows, it should be quite possible with this number for everyone to manipulate his paper with comparative ease. A certain amount of give and take and the thing is done. But the fatness of this man destroyed the balance. He did not give an inch.

Very soon I had another grievance against him. He began to talk about his approaching holiday. He was going, he said to a little man in a bowler-hat, who seemed to be cursed with his acquaintance, to have a gloriously lazy three weeks by the sea. Wasn't it lucky, he said (exactly as if he knew that I had already had my holidays), that he hadn't gone away earlier when the weather was so awful? No doubt we should get a lot of sun now, and for his part he would prefer to enjoy it lying on the sands or in the sea rather than cooped up in London with the tar sizzling on the roads and the buses as hot as ovens. August in London, he gave it as his opinion, would be unbearable. Pity the poor devils, he was good enough to say, who would have to stick it.

I ground my teeth and tried to concentrate on Siamese Railways.

"Breaking new ground this year," said the fat man—"Polbridge."



"Not going to Shamblesea again, then?" said his friend.

"Shamblesea!" said the fat man, trying to snap his fingers and instantly having to apologize to a seated gentleman whose pince-nez he had disarranged—"Shamblesea! Good Lord! There's a ghastly hole, if you like."

A man on my other side, who had already excited my admiration by extracting and actually managing to light a cigarette, looked up sharply at this.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "but did I understand you to refer to Shamblesea?"

The fat man indicated gruffly that such was the case.

"Then let me inform you, Sir, that you don't know what you are talking about."

"Ho, indeed!"

"No. I happen to know that Shamblesea is one of the finest resorts on the South Coast."

"Ever been there?"

"I live there," said his opponent quietly.

"That makes a difference of course. Because," said the fat man slowly, "in the ordinary way I object to people who chip in on other people's conversation. Don't care for 'em, somehow. But when I hear they live in Shamblesea, well, I can forgive them anything. I'm so sorry for 'em."

Nothing is more distressing to an Englishman than an alteration in a railway-carriage. He doesn't know where to look. And it is particularly uncomfortable when the storm is breaking literally over his head. I determined to exert a calming influence.

"This will be your first visit to Polbridge?" I asked the fat man.

"Yes."

"Ah!" I said.

"What do you mean, 'Ah!'?" said the fat man, staring.

"Nothing," I said, "nothing. I'm sure you'll enjoy it, only—well—"

"Exactly," said the Shamblesea man.

"It's a pity there's not as much sand as there was."

"There never was much," put in the pince-nez gentleman unexpectedly.

"No sand!" cried the fat man.

"Only at very low tide," I said regretfully, "and then of course it's very dangerous for bathing."

"I was down at Polbridge in 'thirteen," observed a man with a corner-seat, who had not previously spoken.

"Well?" we said encouragingly.

"It may have improved since then," he said gloomily.

Pince-nez shook his head. "Not as far as the accommodation goes at any rate," he said. "Not that that would matter much, if one could be out all day; but somehow at Polbridge—well, we mustn't be too pessimistic."

"Still, take your mac," advised somebody.

The fat man looked wildly round the carriage. "Isn't there anything to be said for the place?" he asked hoarsely.

"I've booked my rooms."

There was a long silence while we all considered the question.

"I believe there are some slot machines on the Front," said the Shamblesea man at last.

"All jammed," I said.

The fat man and his friend got out at the next station and I refolded my paper with a sigh of relief.

"I've never been to Polbridge," said the pince-nez gentleman mildly, "but I've had my holidays."

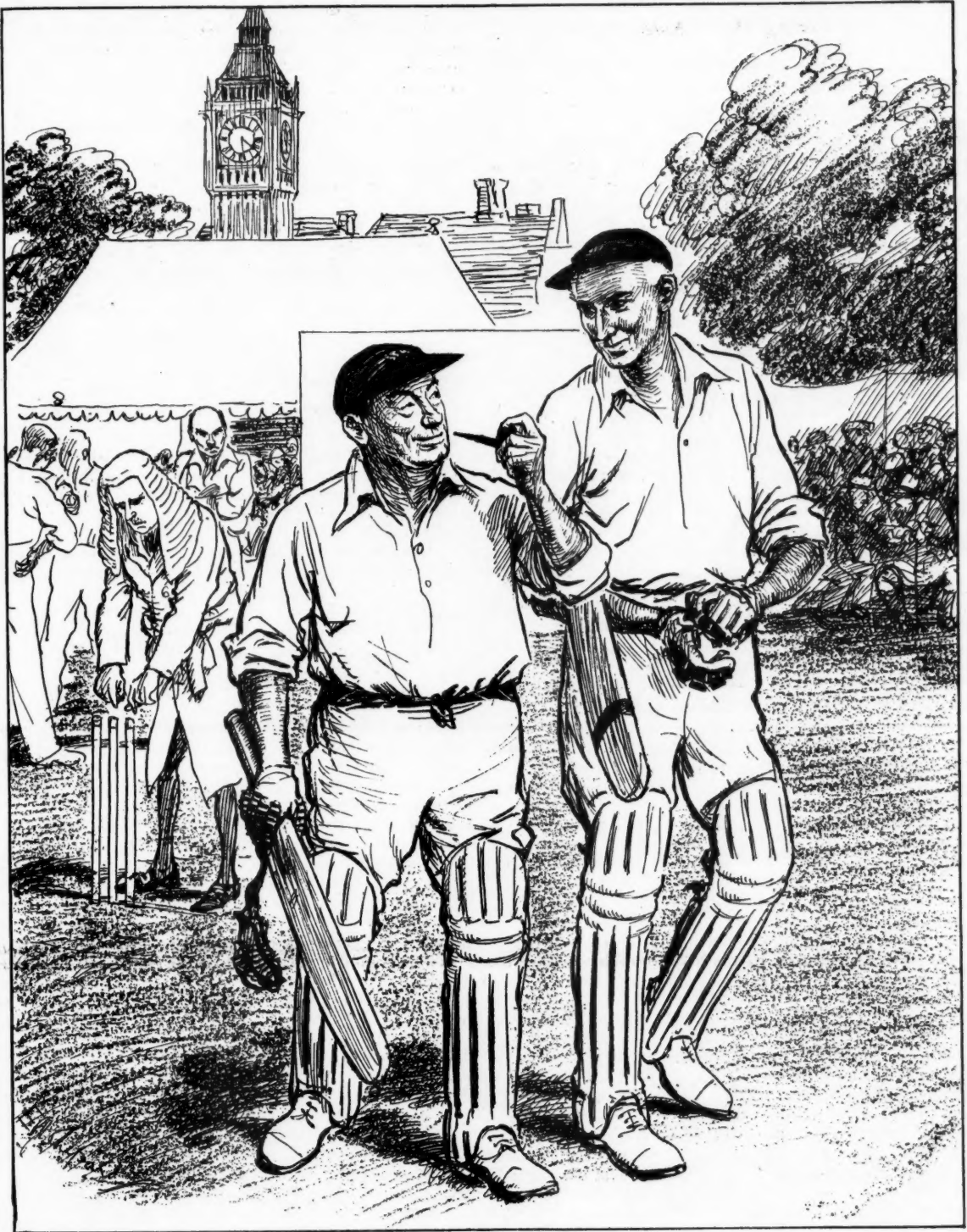
"Exactly," we all said.

H. F. E.

"Soft tweed bags of off-white colour have cords looped from the extreme ends, a knot and two wooden bobbles keeping them in place."—*Fashion Chat*.

We shall stick to braces.





### THE INTERVAL.

ENGLAND'S NO. 1. "A FEW SHAKY MOMENTS, OLD BOY, BUT THE BOWLING WAS ROTTEN, AND WE'RE STILL IN."



"MY DEAR, I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO MIXED-BATHE!"

### What the Public Wants; or, The Newshawk's Vade Mecum.

*Being a comprehensive guide to the whole art of filling up space in the newspapers when there is no news to print. In four graduated Lessons with one Appendix and numerous worked examples.*

#### INTRODUCTION.

How much of the news is true and how much is not? We do not for a moment suggest that *all* the news is false. Earthquakes *do* occur. People *do* fall downstairs and break their necks. Cricket matches *are* played in Australia and foreign presidents certainly *do* get assassinated. But the genuine news hardly comes within the scope of these lessons. It is promptly and accurately reported by those efficient organisations the Press Agencies, as you can see for yourself on the ticker tape in the club. But even on the most exciting days the news telegrams, if set in type, would not exceed a couple of columns. The task of the astute newshawk therefore is first to dress up the perfectly

genuine information sent in by the agencies, and secondly to invent fictitious news with such craft that it is indistinguishable from the real thing and thus supply enough material to cover TWENTY PAGES. The first is of course the business of the highly-paid STAFF WRITER, but the second function can be carried out by ANY STUDENT OF THIS COURSE.

Why is our course so successful? Why is it so much better than anyone else's? The whole secret depends on a remarkable discovery which we made when we started this business FOURTEEN YEARS AGO. We were thinking to do what is done in other schools of journalism, that is, to publish two separate courses, one on Fiction and one on Journalism. Then we realized that most fiction is journalistic and almost all journalism fictitious. Thus arose this present course, our famous course of FICTITIOUS JOURNALISM, combining the two.

*Enrol now. We guarantee that if you will study each of these four lessons closely and carefully, even if you are only of ordinary ability, you will occupy a*

*chair in the editorial sanctum and enjoy a salary running into six figures by the time you have finished the course.*

#### LESSON I.—HOME NEWS.

We have seen in our Introduction how there is a wide scope for the keen and talented beginner in the realms of Fictional or Romantic Journalism. It is one of our principles that our students should *earn while they learn*, and for this reason our first practical efforts will be in the realms of the easiest department of Romantic Journalism, namely, Home News.

For ordinary work you need range no further than Pinner or Ealing for commonplace information, or Southwold, Diss or Eye for the more improbable and fantastic stories. But even in cases like these, simple as they may sound, there are certain rules and conventions to which the aspiring newshawk must adhere if he wishes ever to sit in the editorial padded chair.

Before everything he must observe the three unities which every good newshawk since SHAKESPEARE has

respected. The name "Unity" is a confusing one, and it is used only because it always has been used. Anyway, we cannot possibly argue with the student at this stage when he knows so little. Later he will understand the THREE UNITIES.

#### (1) UNITY OF TIME.

This is simple. In the morning papers it is always "yesterday" and in the evening papers "to-day" or "this afternoon." If the news comes from outlying districts (i.e., a trunk-call from Central 3000) then you can use "yesterday," "to-day" and "tomorrow" indiscriminately, and qualify the message with "Oxford, Monday," or "Wokingham, Friday" at the top. The object of course is to safeguard your news. If anybody contradicts it you can always say that it wasn't last Friday it happened but the Friday before. But it doesn't do to fall back on this too often, except of course in *The Times*, which puts accuracy before speed.

#### (2) UNITY OF PLACE.

In England the more startling news

happens at certain places and at no others. The chief of these places are:—

Muswell Hill	Pinner
Ealing	Southend
Surbiton	Diss
Ilford	Eye

and of course Churt.

#### (3) UNITY OF ACTION.

Only one good thing at a time. People simply will not believe that thirty-five different and unrelated items of startling news all took place at Hendon on the same day. Therefore spread it out and let every place have its share.

#### NEWS INTEREST.

The next important point is to give your story NEWS INTEREST. There are certain definite rules in regard to this matter. It is not enough to make up an amusing story, to domicile it in Ealing and to say it happened "yesterday." Your story must also belong to one of eight different types, or else the public will neither believe nor wish to read it. A brief perusal of the Home Page of any newspaper will

convince any sensible student of the truth of this statement.

These types may be classified into two sections:—

- (1) *Things People Break.*
- (2) *Things People Make.*

#### *Things People Break.*

- (1) Records. See special section "RECORDS" (Lesson IV.).

Appropriate verbs: Smash, shatter.

Appropriate nouns: Blue Riband, Ace.

- (2) The Law.
- (3) Hearts.

Appropriate adjectives: Glamorous, romantic, poignant.

Appropriate verb: Wed.

Appropriate people: Film-stars and those of royal birth.

- (4) Their Necks.

#### *Things People Make.*

- (1) Statements.
- (2) Denials.
- (3) Allegations.
- (4) Revelations.

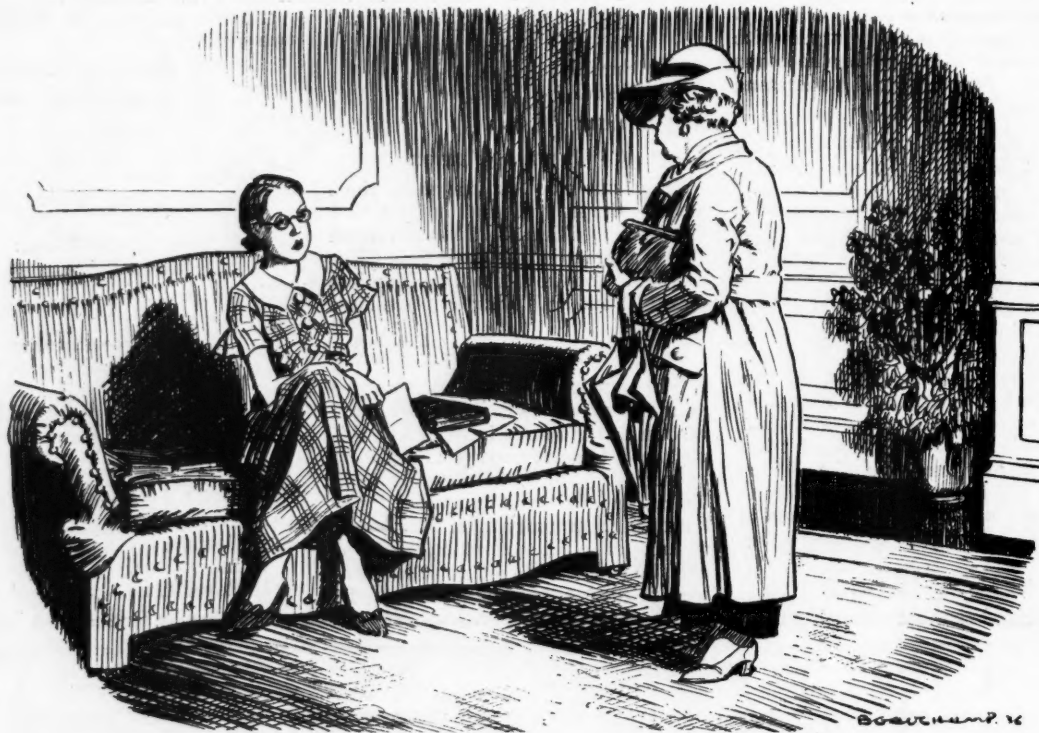
These are by far the most important



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

ENJOYMENT OF BEAUTY SPOTS.





"WELL, APART FROM HAVING TEN OF YOUR OWN, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CHILDREN?"

part of Home News and must be considered in detail. Roughly, they may be classified again thus:—

- (a) Bishops addressing their diocesan conferences.
- (b) Clergy writing in their parish magazines.
- (c) Schoolmasters speaking on their annual Speech Days.
- (d) Letters written by individuals to Associations or *vice versa*, or letters from one Association to another.

Thousands and thousands of paragraphs of this sort are concocted every day, and it would be no exaggeration to say that their annual value is in excess of TWENTY MILLION POUNDS.

So let the student put pen to paper and see what he can do, and in a short time he will find that he has a FASCINATING HOBBY OF ABSORBING INTEREST which will bring him in a COMFORTABLE SPARE-TIME INCOME or even WHOLE-TIME EMPLOYMENT.

*Examples:—*

"PROTEST.

The International Union of Orange-

Growers has sent a note of protest to the Incorporated Union of Flat Earthists complaining that their activities are striking at the very roots of the orange trade."

\* \* \*

"There was unprecedented congestion on the Tube to-day following the decision of a motorman to drive his train backwards.

'Tram-drivers do,' he said, 'so why shouldn't I?'"

\* \* \*

#### "AMAZING DISCOVERY BY FRUIT TECHNICIANS.

At the National Fruit Growers Association's Annual Congress last night a delegate drew attention to the decline in the popularity of the pomegranate. This he attributed to the fact that many people do not like them."

\* \* \*

#### "ENGLAND YELLOW? Home Office Alarm.

The Report of the Alien Registration Department for 1934 has caused serious alarm in many quarters. According to the Report, the Japanese and Chinese resident population in

London has grown from 640 in 1933 to 856 in 1934. At this rate of progress London will be completely yellow before A.D.3000."

#### SPECIAL NOTE ON CAPTIONS.

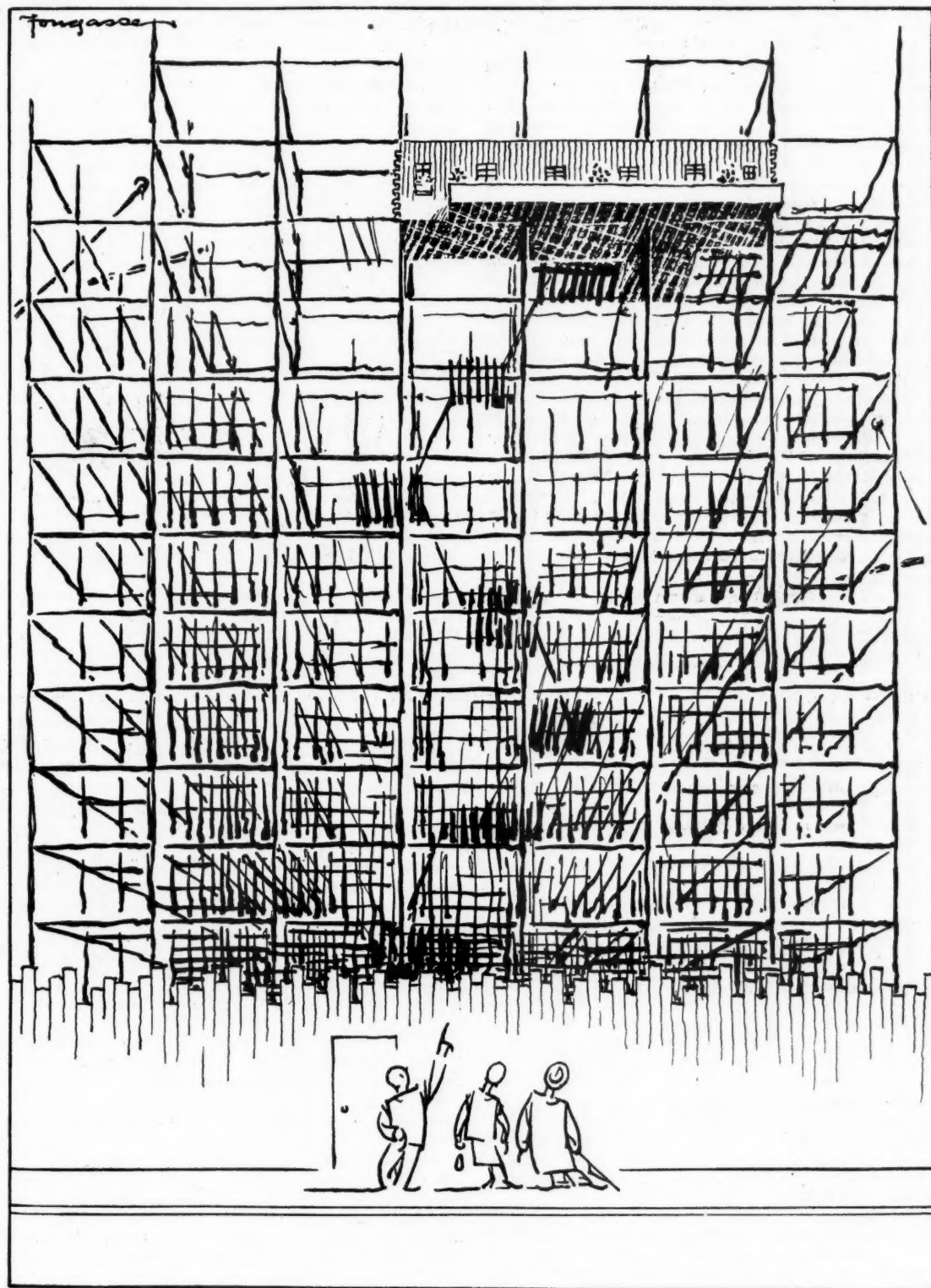
Finally, we must say a few words about CAPTIONS because in future the caption and the body-matter will be treated together. The caption is simply a repetition of the body-matter without verbs or articles, but with as few of the details omitted as possible. In the perfect caption none of the details is omitted at all. We give an example of this below:—

#### "HORNSEY CROSSROADS SMASH VICTIM INQUEST VERDICT SURPRISE.

Surprise was expressed at the verdict at the inquest on the victim of the smash at Hornsey crossroads yesterday."

(Look out for our next startling Lesson in this amazing course.)

"The re-establishment of the impartiality of the police is just the sort of task which a great Home Secretary would find to his hinking. Need we say more?"—*Daily Paper*. No.



"AND NOW, DO COME UP TO OUR SPECIMEN FLAT."

## The Bogchester Chronicles.

### The Foreign Nobleman.

"COME, come, Meadows, surely we can afford a clean handkerchief for the reception! That is just the sort of point that the Count will notice. Sir George tells me that among his other duties at the Karomanian Court was that of Master of the Royal Wardrobe. And now that he is in exile it is up to us to show him that the standards of Bogchester are not far below those of the Royal Court of Karomania in the days before the revolution.

"And when I come to think of it, Meadows, you yourself could very well have worn Henry's old uniform and sat beside him in the car. That would have given just the touch of distinction the occasion warrants. But it is too late now; you should have thought of it for yourself. Tell Henry not to loll over the wheel and to remove that cigarette from behind his ear. Unacquainted though I am with the customs of Karomania, I am quite sure that that is not one of them."

And with these and many other instructions, which show that one at least of the residents of Bogchester realizes the honour that has been done to the district, I take the road at last for Munching Tyas Grange, the present headquarters of Count Andrea Havamorloff. Although he has only been in residence ten days, this gentleman is already well known in the neighbourhood owing to his enthusiasm for the Karomanian sport of sparrow-shooting at dawn; but this is the first time he has held a reception in his new home.

### A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

As we arrive at the lodge gates it is clear at once that someone of unusual distinction lives in the house. Several keepers, dressed in green Karomanian hunting costumes,



"A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, MY DEAR SIR,"  
SAYS THE COUNT."

are drawn up outside the lodge, and as we pass they give us what is evidently a Karomanian welcome by firing a volley over our heads.

I accept the salute as the graceful tribute for which it is intended and courteously raise my hat; but the sudden sound of gun-fire altogether unnerves Henry—who has already shown himself to be far too ready to listen to the ridiculous stories about the Count now being circulated in the neighbourhood. Crouching low behind the steering-

wheel and shouting to me to get on to the floor, he accelerates to full speed and we roar up the drive, rocking from side to side in a most undignified manner.

As a result of this absurd behaviour, Henry misses the turning to the front of the house and we go careering on until we are brought up inside the courtyard at the back. The moment we enter it a number of huge and ferocious



"CHAMPAGNE IS BEING HANDED ROUND BY FOOTMEN  
IN KAROMANIAN NATIONAL COSTUME."

bloodhounds spring at the car from every direction. The air resounds with their terrible baying and Henry adds to the clamour by keeping the horn pressed in a quite unnecessary attempt to attract attention. For my part, I merely order him to close all the windows and quietly await the arrival of help.

### SAVED BY THE COUNT.

Nor is it long delayed. At that moment the Count himself appears in the courtyard—a tall and immaculate figure dressed in a frock-coat and perfectly creased trousers. With a sharp word of command he reduces the howling animals to servility. He then opens the door of the car and invites me to descend.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Sir," he says, "for this most ungracious reception. These dogs are necessary for protection against the peasants, but my servants should have seen that they were locked up this afternoon."

"Not at all, Count Havamorloff," I respond with equal gracefulness. "It was entirely my chauffeur's fault for driving to the back of the house."

"You are too kind, but my servants were to blame."

"No, no; it was Henry's fault."

"We will not argue about it," says the Count kindly. "Since you insist, I will myself see that your chauffeur is flogged while you are at the reception."

I reply that I will deal with Henry later on; in the meantime, since he is unable to behave himself, he will return home and call back for me afterwards. I turn to deliver these orders to Henry, but they prove unnecessary. During our conversation he has been frantically turning the car, and now, with a last panic-stricken glance at the Count, he accelerates out of the yard and goes tearing down the drive in a cloud of dust, knocking over an ornamental flowerpot in passing. I shout to him to stop, but he takes no notice, and I catch a last glimpse of him ducking low in his seat as he flashes past the lodge in a manner which is as ridiculous as it is dangerous.



"That peasant," observes the Count gravely, "is undoubtedly in the pay of English revolutionaries."

#### A DELIGHTFUL PERSONALITY.

But this unpleasant and undignified scene is quickly forgotten when we join the distinguished gathering in the long drawing-room of Munching Tyas Grange. Coffee, champagne and rum are being handed round by footmen dressed in Karomanian national costume; from somewhere in the background comes the sound of a Karomanian guitar; and in and out among the guests moves the graceful figure of the Count, charming everyone with his delightful personality.

"Tell us, Count Havamorloff," asks Mrs. Gloop when he reaches our corner of the room, "what you will find to do during your stay in England."

"Sometimes I shall shoot," answers the Count, "and sometimes I shall carouse. But I shall carouse most."

"And I hope that you, Madam," he adds graciously, "will join me in the many carousals that I hope to have here."

"That will be a pleasure," replies Mrs. Gloop doubtfully. "When will you be starting?"

"For the moment not," says the Count. "I have not yet the staff for a Karomanian carousal. But there are plenty of serfs working in the Bogchester fields, and next week I meet your High Sheriff. He will no doubt command many of them to serve me in this château."

And with an interested inquiry about the sport of the neighbourhood and whether any good duelling is to be had, the Count passes suavely on to the next group of deeply-impressed visitors.

#### AN OLD KAROMANIAN CUSTOM.

Meanwhile I notice that the event of the reception is about to take place. An enormous glass bowl of Karo-



"'WHAT'S THAT?' SAYS THE CAPTAIN, WHEELING SHARPLY ROUND."

manian punch is being mixed by the servants in the background, and many eyes are directed on what the Count has assured us is one of the chief features of life in Karomania.

I move over to the scene of the operations to find that Captain Featherstonehaugh has already arrived there and has adopted an absurdly knowing air over the proceedings. Every now and then he sniffs the bowl and shakes his head over it in an approving manner. But when he lifts the

bowl bodily from the table and holds it to the light with some fatuous idea of examining the colour I feel the time has come to interfere and I utter a warning shout.

"What's that?" says the Captain, wheeling sharply round and at the same time letting go of the bowl. It falls to the ground with a terrible resounding crash, drenching everyone in the vicinity and causing the whole company to break into cries of alarm.

#### THE COUNT IN ACTION.

"Keep calm!" cries the Count from the far end of the room. "The ladies to the cellar and barricade the door. All gentlemen without swords kindly procure them from the hall. Ivan and Paul, move the piano up to the window to take the force of the next bomb. The rest get ready behind it for the peasants when they try to rush the room. Joseph, sound the alarm!"

In a moment the room is in an uproar. Everyone makes a mad rush for the door; above the din rises the shrill note of a trumpet sounding the call to arms; as it dies away the double doors from the small drawing-room are burst open by a party of footmen, who run to the windows; urged on by the Count, a drawn sword in his hand, they start firing their rifles in all directions; a deep baying from without announces that the bloodhounds have been let loose.

It seems to me to be high time that an explanation were offered. I hurry over to the Count but find that I have already been forestalled by Captain Featherstonehaugh. "I was just holding that bowl of punch," I hear him explaining, "when the bomb came and blew it to pieces in my hands. It's a miracle I am alive to tell the tale."

"Count Havamorloff," I cry indignantly, "the whole uproar has been caused by this gentleman's clumsiness in dropping the bowl. There has been no bomb and there are no peasants outside."

"So," says the Count, turning slowly upon the Captain—"so, we have an agitator in our own midst, yes?"

"I think I'll have to be going now," says Captain Featherstonehaugh hastily, with a startled look at the Count's sword. "I have just remembered a most important engagement," he calls back over his shoulder as he hurries from the room.

#### THE RECEPTION BREAKS UP.

And, indeed, many of the guests have already departed. Others can be seen streaming from the door at this moment. But the final indignity is still to come. When the confusion has at last died away I am told that a telephone message has been received from Henry. He says that the engine of the car has broken down, all the tyres are punctured and he has run out of petrol. He doesn't think he will be able to drive it as far as the grounds of the Grange; but he might be able to get it to the corner of the lane outside.

"The car has evidently been sabotaged," the Count announces briefly as I take my departure on foot. To the end his calm remains unruffled; but I cannot feel that my own countrymen have played an equally distinguished part at the moment of trial.

H. W. M.

#### Shock for A. N. Other.

"CLASS 4.

A. E. Grotat."—From an Oxford Class List.

#### "PONY RACING FOR HIGHLAND CAPITAL."

News Headline.

Has it seen the Loch Ness Monster?

## At the Pictures.

HOWARD—GWENN—OAKIE.

EXCEPT for those who liked the play and want to see the same emotions screened, I should say that *The*



GANGSTER PLUGGED WITH PHILOSOPHY.

Alan Squier . . . LESLIE HOWARD.  
Duke Mantee . . . HUMPHREY BOGART.

*Petrified Forest* is a very poor title; for the first suggestion it brings to the mind is scientific rather than human. "Hullo!" we say, "fossiliferous stuff," and look for a less instructive or even less forbidding programme. But we should be wrong.

*The Petrified Forest* has nothing really to do with wood that has become stone, except that symbolism is drawn from it; it has to do with the adventures and visions of that wandering fantast (a little like the central character of *Eyeless in Gaza*), Alan Squier, played by LESLIE HOWARD, and the frankness and ambitions of Gabrielle Maple, played by BETTE DAVIS, and their plight when the killer, Duke Mantee, played by HUMPHREY BOGART, comes along and changes philosophical conjecture into reality. We may not believe in quite such coolness as the lovers display under the threat of death; or that the rain of bullets, when the firing does at last set in, would be so ineffective; but the hero starts far more hares than films are accustomed to, and that is much to the good. Also

LESLIE HOWARD has a persuasive way with him and BETTE DAVIS has exactly caught the matter-of-fact eagerness of the Arizona innkeeper's daughter with French blood in her (and radiance added), while the expression of expectation and delight on the face of her grandfather (CHARLEY GRAPEWIN), when he is assured that some real "killin'" is bound to set in, is something to rejoice in and remember. But I think it highly improbable (a) that Alan Squier did not have any money, and (b) that he would order a meal without saying so and offering to do work in return; and I shall always regret that he and Gabrielle's lover did not participate in a fight for the girl, in which blows were exchanged and Alan won. But we cannot have everything, and *The Petrified Forest*, as it stands, is an excellent film.

When I saw *Laburnum Grove* on the stage I had grave doubts as to the guilt of Mr. Radfern, as played by EDMUND GWENN, or indeed, by anyone; but I thought it an excellent entertainment. On the screen it does not seem to be so good, having been starved into a mere anecdote, with almost none of the embroidery and embellishment which it is the cinema's duty and privilege to supply. That is to say, Mr. Radfern has none, but there is a suggestion of a saloon in Singapore to enforce the fact that Mr. Baxley, the cadging brother-in-law, was once a loafer there; and Mr. Baxley and his wife and daughter are, it is true, sent



A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE CRIMINAL.

Mr. Baxley . . . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.  
Mrs. Baxley . . . ETHEL COLERIDGE.  
Mr. Radfern . . . EDMUND GWENN.

to an incredible restaurant in order to prove their fear that a pound note may be phoney.

The honesty or dishonesty of EDMUND GWENN does not seem to me to matter in the least, for it is a mere matter of the surface; no double life is here, no dubiety, no drama. But EDMUND GWENN is always a popular figure. To CEDRIC HARDWICKE, as Mr. Baxley, who sponges and eats bananas,

marks must be given for the heaviest and least inflammable moustache that I have ever seen. But the best acting comes from Mrs. Radfern, whose name has not made its way into my programme at all. Such is fame.

I do not say that *Florida Special* is, just because it is American, anything to write home about; but it has certain



J.M.D.

Bangs Tucker (JACK OAKIE) to Harrigan (J. FARRELL MACDONALD). "SAY, WHY NOT MAKE THIS A SWELL LUXURY TRAIN AND HAVE A COMPLETE COP OUTFIT, WITH ELECTRIC CHAIR?"

qualities of liveliness that are too often absent from British films: that "extra drop of nervous fluid." Yet, as American films go, it is hardly worthy. Within the narrow space of the night express from New York to Miami—the compartments and corridors, the observation car and recreation car, where a hostess is provided and you dance to a coon orchestra—it has been found difficult to pack a consecutive story. The effort, however, has been made, with the regular ingredients, such as the mean millionaire, and the drunken society youth, and the pack of gangsters after the millionaire's treasure, and the detective and the black car-attendants, and the millionaire's niece changing from one lover to another, and last—or, more properly, first—and by no means least, *Bangs Tucker*, the comic newspaper-man with wise-cracks; and when I say that this is JACK OAKIE, I have said plenty. Unfortunately, the train (for the sake of realism) sometimes remembers to shake; and I noticed that it often shakes at its worst when JACK is speaking. But when it forgets to shake, all is well with him. E. V. L.

## Our Departmental Sports.

SEVERAL new records were made during the Higgensian Club (Higgins, Pinprick, Darborton and P.Q. Chicane) Sports held at Spikenard-on-Thames, on Saturday.

In the Women's 660 yards Departmental Relay Perfumery beat Fish (Retail) in 1 min. 66 10/5 secs., a margin of 2/3 secs. over last year's record.

In the 100 yards scratch sprint Men's Hose (K. Sockett) won by a yard from Small Women's Underwear (Miss Stately). Hose led from the start, but there was a fine tussle for second place between Underwear and Tobacco. All three placed girls beat the previous best in the Long Jump—the victrix being Corsets.

One Mile Cycle Handicap. Giving away 160 yards, Ribbons beat Brushes (scratch) and Chief Cashier (give 10) (equal second) by an acre, a perch separating third and fourth.

Tug-of-War Final. Television beat Fresh Vegetables by two pulls to one after a re-pull.

The Mile Scratch (for the Silver Lobster Pot and Ladies' Vase) was won by Bargains in 5.11.3 after Gent's Hairdressing had led up to the Home Straight.

Women's Marathon (Turnpike Lane Tube Station, passing Gloucester Road, to Spikenard, "The Goat and Compasses") was won by Restaurant, a length separating Inexpensive Frocks and Men's Tailoring.

Hardly had the cheers died away than Beddings were seen to be holding their own in the Three-Legged Obstacle Race against Wines and Spirits. Both faltered at the Canal Jump, leaving Engineers and Plumbing comfortable winners by the odd leg in three.

The Javelin was won by Rubber Goods (210 yards aggregate) from Women's Toys, with Taxidermists and Stuffed Birds a close third.

In the Discus Throwing Cash (Holders) retained the Chicane Trophy, beating Lifts and Transport in the Final, Fresh Meats and Poultry retiring after the third round.

A splendid contest was witnessed between Women's Gloves and Men's Cravats in the Cross-Country Steeplechase. Cravats led right up to the last counter when, with a heroic spurt, Mineral Waters and Soda Fountain dead-heated on the tape, with Gloves one size too small behind.

In the last event of the day (Supervisors' Pole Jump) Permanent Waves (Holders) beat Footwear and Fishing Tackle (equal second) by an ounce-



"IF I WAS TO TELL HER WHAT I REALLY THINK ABOUT HER I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SAY IT, 'COS I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BAD ENOUGH."

and-a-quarter at 1/11½d. per pound (Troy) in the record time of 1 hour 3¼ mins. (British Summer-Time).

B. Hangman (Foreign Stamps) and Miss D. Smith Smythe (Wholesale Sinks and Baths) won the Victor Ludorum Shield.

## More Walrusian Speculations.

"IF ONLY PAGANINI  
Along with MESSALINA  
Had played to MUSSOLINI  
Upon the concertina;

If SOCRATES or PLATO  
Had discovered the potato,  
And HANNIBAL at Zama  
Commanded the *Alabama*,  
And NAPOLEON at Elba  
Had lived upon *pêche Melba*,

Do you suppose the world would be  
A safer place for you and me?"  
Said Lady HOUSTON to L. G.;  
And our supreme vaticinator  
Promptly replied, "It might, and  
could,  
And it indubitably would  
If I were sole dictator." C. L. G.



## Nutrition Notes.

THE world is becoming "nutrition-conscious." Nutrition is almost a political issue. The League has produced a Report on nutrition. Nutrition is now seen to be one of the few things that really matter; and the ultimate world-structure may well be a League of Nutritions.

Let us therefore be clear about nutrition. Let us not make the mistake we made about Sanctions (though warned in good time here) and stampe everybody in pursuit of something which nobody understands.

Let us not, for example, overwork the word "nutrition." An innocent and sound word in the right place; but in many a place where we talk of "malnutrition" we should be clearer if we spoke of "faulty feeding."

And what is going to be the opposite of "malnutrition"? Be sure that in the long nutrition-boom ahead of us we shall not always be content with the comparatively short words we are using now. Someone, soon, will speak of "benenutrition." I have myself offered a prize to the first Member of Parliament who in debate refers to "the benenutritional content" of sausages or carrots. The prize has not yet been claimed. It will be.

Also, I suppose, the vile verb "to nutrition" will make its bow, and instead of "the best-fed babies" we shall have "the optimum-nutritioned Age-group A." Ah, me!

But let us pass from words to substance. One odd thing is that this admirable nutrition-stuff should be hailed to-day as new; though the Friends of Nutrition deserve credit for their cunning in persuading us that it is new, and so commanding our attention. The old-fashioned notion was that we must not eat things that were *bad* for us; the new notion is that we *must* eat certain things which are *good* for us. But that is a pre-War doctrine, as those of us can testify who recall the Fuss about Proteids.

Or was it Proteins? I remember the Fuss but dimly. But I remember forming a prejudice against Proteids because they were always found in foods that I disliked—brown bread and porridge and lentil soup. And there was something about a Standard Loaf which was packed with proteins (or was it "carbohydrates"?) and was for some time the only possible thing to eat.

I do not think we eat it now. At all events the proteids went out of fashion, and for some years there was quiet on the food-front. The next thing, I think—how hazy grows the past!—

was the calories. You boastful post-War boys and girls have probably never heard of the calories; but we all ate calories then; and I, at least, can remember the wild "Calory Parties" that preceded the Great War.

The next thing was the Vitamins, which were quietly germinating during the War, but did not, I think, become popular till many years after. They could only find a place in the Supplement of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and the first appearance recorded there was in 1915, when Mr. C. FUNK wrote: "The deficient substances . . . we will call 'vitamines,' and we will speak of a beri-beri or scurvy vitamine, which means a substance preventing the special disease." In 1915 the vitamins (yes, in those days they had an "e") crept into *The Times Literary Supplement*. But it was not till 1928 (or 9) that they inspired the poet Haddock to verse. He wrote:

"There are three vitamins, not four:  
I have no doubt there will be more."

How true! They have increased and multiplied like European Pacts. But now even they are to pass from our vocabulary, though not our dietary. For the new thing is—guess!—

### Protective Foods.

And "protective foods" are—three guesses—Milk, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Fresh Fruit, Vegetables, Meat and Water.

All these things, in short, which Granny said were "good for us." So Science marches on.

But do not let us discourage Science from such simplicity. All the former movements—the proteids, the calories, the vitamins—suffered from being, or seeming to be, upper-class or aristocratic. They were fashionable fusses. Nobody then thought it important to tell the poor to eat calories or vitamins; and the poor, perhaps, would not have paid much attention if anybody had. Also it was assumed that the poor got enough vitamins by instinct, as dogs eat grass when they require it. But now the astonishing discovery has been made that those who have less money consume fewer calories and vitamins, and therefore are not so healthy. And when this is put into simple language like "protective foods," and these foods are frankly specified as milk and eggs, things may be said to be looking up.

But, again, let us not assume too much. Poverty, it is admitted, is by no means the sole cause of faulty feeding. Many who can afford the best vitamins shun them disgracefully. How many of us wolf excessive bacon, careless that it contains not the tiniest vitamin; reject brown bread, and

lentils though they are stiff with B! Poor Miss FLORENCE HORSBUGH, M.P., for mildly remarking that carrots and water are "good for us" has received severe reproaches from some of the very persons who are most eager for the better nutrition of the people. Yet water and such roots as carrots are prominent in the official list of "protective foods." The wider distribution of wealth would do much, no doubt, but not all. The State will still be faced with Granny's old problem—what to do with those who will *not* like rice-pudding?

It is difficult to imagine an Act of Parliament *compelling* the people to eat a proper amount of the right vitamins. But we may be driven to the remedy suggested long ago in these columns—a system of licences and penal taxes for those who sell non-vitaminiferous foods. The grocer would be "LICENSED TO RETAIL BACON, TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, SUGAR AND JAM." And indigestion might be made a criminal offence.

Then there are the other influences which, given the perfect diet, militate against perfect nutrition, metabolism and what-not. Reading at meals—what of that? They say it causes indigestion. They say the lonely scholar who devours Plato with his protective foods is pale and flabby for that reason; for it is no use eating vitamins if you don't digest them. And is society, is conversation any better? Especially the merry general conversation at the best tables, which flies so free and fast that no one has time to chew efficiently. Can those busy barristers be benenutritioned whose lunches are so very brief and swift, and complicated by talk of contingent remainders? And then—the love-feast, the sentimental supper? Are those deep emotions compatible with good nutrition? I do not know. Ought we to smoke just before meals? And which is really right: to drink at meals, or only between? These, I feel, are but a few of the problems that Sir JOHN ORR and his followers will have to tackle before the State can say that it has achieved nation-wide benenutrition.

But, meanwhile, *floreat* ORR!

A. P. H.

"I came across a fine egg 5 in. long and of a perfect shape. It weighed just over 6½ oz. This surely takes some beating."

*Letter to Daily Paper.*

Why not boil it?

"CABINET FALLS  
AT 2 A.M."

*Daily Paper.*

Things that go bump in the night.



### The Story of Patrick in London.

WHEN Patrick went to London Town  
To stay with Aunt Matilda Brown  
He promised faithfully to do  
Exactly what she told him to.  
"Or else," his mother said, "it's plain  
You won't be asked to stay again."

For several days young Patrick did  
Most carefully as he was bid.  
He brushed his hair and blew his nose  
And folded up his underclothes  
And washed his hands and wiped his feet  
And walked sedately in the street—  
In fact he was so meek and mild  
He seemed to her the Perfect Child;  
And in return she tried to grant  
His wishes, like a Model Aunt.

They saw the Tower and the Zoo,  
The Marble Arch, the Horse Guards too,  
And that ingenious waxwork show  
Designed by Madame M. TUSSAUD.  
He much admired the Serpentine;  
The Changing of the Guard was fine—  
And all went well until they found  
Themselves upon the Underground.

See! Aunt Matilda now prepares  
To step upon the moving stairs.  
She takes her little nephew's hand;  
Upon the right they duly stand,  
And off they go—but "Ha!" cries Pat,  
"I know a trick worth two of that!"  
Astride the hand-rail down he flies  
Before his aunt's astonished eyes.

"Come back!" she screams. "You wicked boy!"  
"All right, I will!" shouts Pat with joy;  
Then up the other stair he nips  
While Aunt Matilda downward slips;  
And as she rises in pursuit  
See Patrick past her swiftly shoot.

So down and up and up and down  
Go Pat and Aunt Matilda Brown,  
Until she cries in sheer despair,  
"Official! stop the moving stair!"

Thus ends at last her breathless chase.  
Poor Pat's sent home in deep disgrace,  
And never more is asked to stay  
In London for a holiday.

JAN.





"SAY—YOU'RE SOME ICE-CRACKER, AREN'T YOU?"

### From the Agony Column.

[“Have you a pond? Water without waterfowl is like a garden without flowers. Send for list.”]

WE have a pond, we have a little pond  
Which we have dug and planted with great care;  
There is some duckweed in it, and beyond  
Six water-lily leaves are floating there—  
Otherwise it is bare.

Twelve irises that grow upon the brink  
Mirror their pale flowers in the water dim;  
Sometimes a sparrow goes and has a drink,  
And the two silent goldfish as they swim  
Goggle their eyes at him.

We have no waterfowl. We often said  
How well we thought a moorhen or a coot—  
A meditative coot with a bald head  
And jet-black feathers—standing at the foot  
Of the rock-rose, would suit.

And, as a contrast, we might have a swan—  
A pair of swans, if they were fairly cheap,  
One bending its neck pensively upon

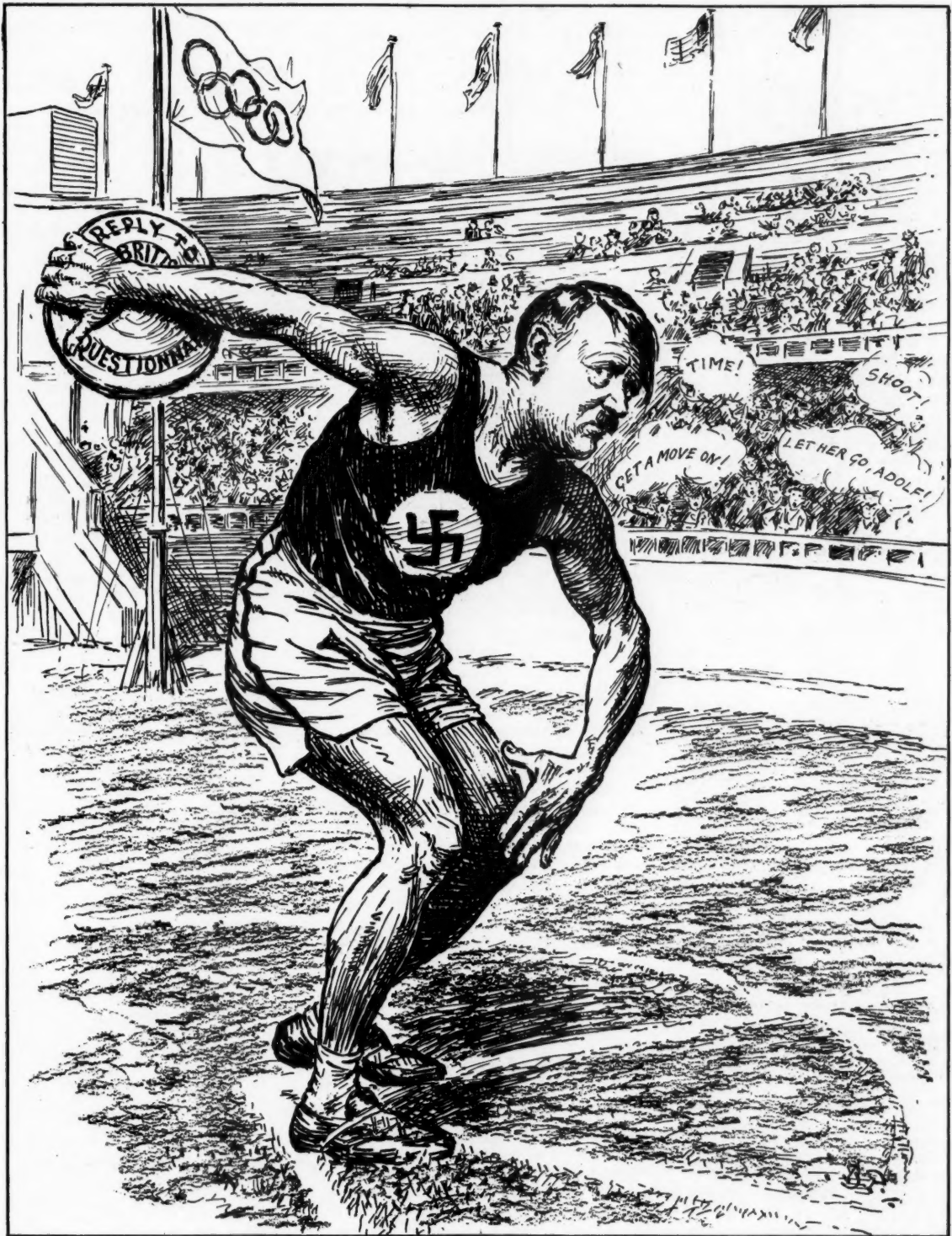
The water at the end where it is deep,  
One on the lawn asleep.

Or how entrancing it would be to steal  
Through the back-door and find the pond alive  
With golden-eye, or garganey or teal,  
Or tiny little tufted-duck that dive  
As soon as you arrive—

Or in the autumn, when the moon was full,  
To lean out of the window late at night  
And hear the pochard calling from the pool  
Or see the shelduck landing from a flight,  
And hope they were all right!

Of course we know the pond is small—is small,  
And it might seem a folly to insist  
On having all, or even nearly all  
The kinds of duck, *et-cetera*, that exist;  
But we *should* like the list.





DELAYED ACTION.

"I WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP THIS ATTITUDE UP WITHOUT LETTING THE THING GO?"



## Impressions of Parliament.

*Friday, July 24th.*—Most human statistics are unutterably depressing. Nobody is the better for being told that he will waste twenty years out of a reasonable span of life in sleep, and at least a week in putting on and taking off his shoes; yet there is something tonic in the information given by Mr. ELLIOT to the Commons, that last year each of us average persons accounted for no less than sixty-six pounds of beef! Allowing for children and vegetarians, we must actually have consumed a great deal more, but in spite of our efforts the British farmer is still in a position which demands Government assistance.

Mr. ELLIOT obtained a Third Reading for his Bill which temporarily extends the Cattle Subsidy, after he had told the House that either agriculture must have assistance from the general funds of the country or else consumers must pay a higher price. During the debate Mr. BOOTHBY appealed earnestly to the MINISTER to reduce as far as possible the gap between the price paid

House turned to the contemplation of wet, salted, split cod, and Mr. MARKLEW spoke up for that splendid body of men, the Fish Friars. Why, by the way, have these not formed themselves into a City Company?



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

(A contest that may be regarded perhaps as Olympian rather than Olympic.)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

*Monday, July 27th.*—To-day's Vote on the Foreign Office showed the Liberal Party much nearer approval of the Government's policy and the Labour Party in a position made doubly difficult by their strange declaration that they only voted against our rearmament for defence because they disapproved of the Government's policy abroad; it marked further the wide gulf between Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in their respective suspicion and championing of Germany; and it gave Mr. EDEN an opportunity to survey the whole field of foreign events. What a vast and uneven field it is! Has any Foreign Secretary ever had to keep his eye on so many potential danger-spots at once?

With such a long agenda ahead of him, he came to business straight away and described how, with the cordial co-operation of France and Belgium, the Government had worked to bring Germany and Italy into the projected meeting of the Locarno Powers. Their replies had not yet been received, but it was hoped that these would be favourable. The Montreux Conference had furnished a valuable example to Europe of how treaty revision could be achieved by peaceful methods, and Turkey had done far better for herself than she could ever have done by aggression.

As regards our relations with Italy, the FOREIGN SECRETARY went on, assurances from the Italian Government to the Turkish, Yugo-Slav and Greek Governments had made it

possible for us to withdraw the special Mediterranean assurances which we had given during the imposition of Sanctions.

The treaty discussions with Egypt had emerged satisfactorily from their first stage. Madrid had been reminded of the importance of the lives of British subjects. The subject of Danzig was more or less *sub judice* pending the report of the High Commissioner, to whom Mr. EDEN gave special praise. The Government having been invited, with the other Governments, to send in to Geneva their views on League reform, he felt a public statement on the subject would be premature, but he emphasized that the aim of the Government remained the strengthening and widening of international co-operation. Having tilted at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for his recent statement about not going to war again for Austria, and at the

Labour Party for their muddled thinking, so easily misunderstood abroad, he held out a hope that arms limitation might come sooner than was generally expected through sheer economic pressure.

Perhaps the most interesting point



THE CHRISTIE MINSTREL.

[During the debate on the Cattle Industry Bill Mr. CHRISTIE sings the praises of home-produced beef.]

to the farmer and the price paid by the housewife. It was vital, he said, that the subsidy should not find its way into the pockets of superfluous middlemen.

Later, with inimitable solemnity, the

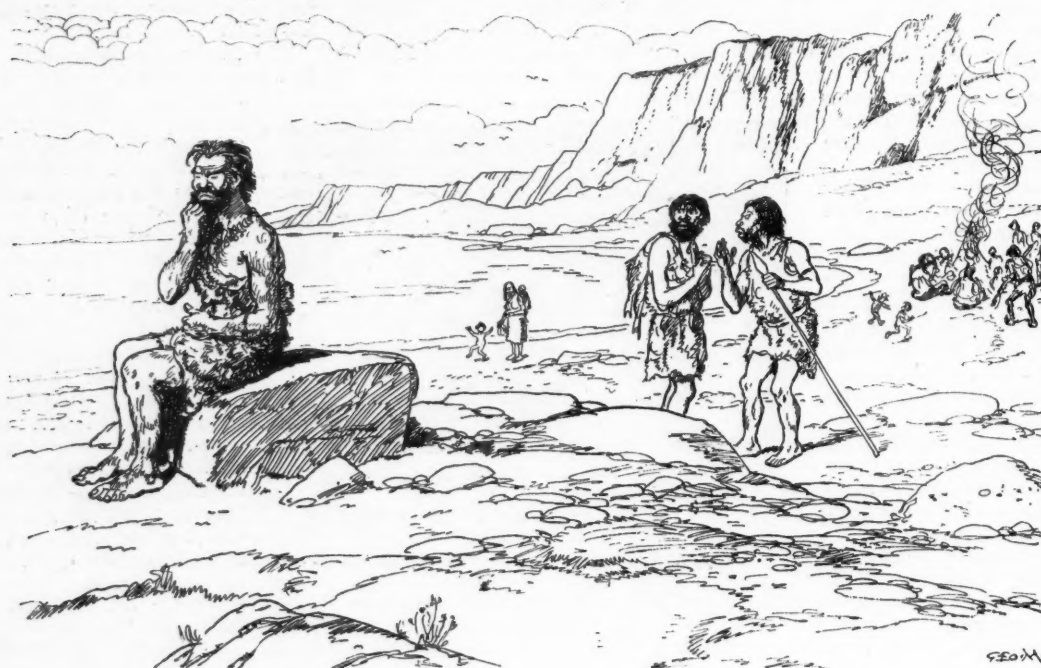


OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Politically Mr. HARBORD  
Leans neither to starboard  
Nor port,  
But steers a middle course of the  
Lib. Nat. sort.

in his speech was the suggestion that, although apparently insoluble difficulties stand in the way of the transference of mandated territories, the Government would be prepared to discuss, under the aegis of the League,





"MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T KNOW HIM? WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST MATHEMATICIAN IN THESE PARTS. HE CAN COUNT UP TO TWENTY-SEVEN WITHOUT THE AID OF PEBBLES!"

freer access to the raw materials of our Colonies. This will hardly meet with approval from the Tory Group.

These gentlemen of the Right Wing were strongly criticized by Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, who spoke loyally of Free Trade as the cure of all international ills, but seemed to think well of Mr. EDEN; Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE had a hard row to hoe in explaining why his colleagues, so resolutely determined to go to the aid of all victims of aggression all over the world, were equally determined to do it suicidally ill-equipped; Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN said, speaking of transferred mandates, that "he would not take upon his shoulders the guilt of putting another human being under a government which refused in its own country to its own people the rights of citizenship and made them serfs"; and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE asserted that if HITLER had not taken some action to protect his country he would have been a traitor.

#### Turning the Tap Off.

"The speaker had to intervene in order to restore order, and remarked that it was impossible for the leader of the Hose to reply amid such noise."

Parliamentary Report.

#### "Wayward" and "Wilful."

Pamela hung up the receiver.

"It's Bridget Fraser," she informed me, "and she and Sam can't possibly get away to-day. She says we're to go on and they'll turn up to-morrow."

"But it's their boat, and—"

"Bridget says that's quite all right. We're to take down the provisions and go on board, and she says she's moored close to the ferry."

"Bridget?"

"No, *Wayward*. She's a converted fishing-boat, and Bridget says we're to treat *Wayward* exactly as if she belonged to us."

"Extremely kind," I said, "but I think we had better treat *Wayward* exactly as if she belonged to the Frasers."

"And everything is ready and packed in the car, so let's start," Pamela said.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No sign of the Frasers," said Pamela, after breakfast, when we had thrown the washing-up water overboard, "and they probably won't turn up for hours, so we've got lots of time to go for a sail."

Small yachts rocked gently at their moorings; several sailing dinghies were

darting adventurously to and fro; three eight-metre boats were obviously preparing for action, and two motor-launches chugged briskly up-stream.

"A charming scene," I said, "but, on the whole, I think, pending the arrival of the Frasers, we had better not venture on the sails."

"I have ventured on one of them. I slept on it last night; but it's none the worse for that, and I'm not too bad. Can't we go for a sail?"

"There's the auxiliary engine," I suggested.

"The what?"

I drew her attention to a raised wooden box in *Wayward's* cockpit.

"Oh, that!" said Pamela. "I thought that was just one of the things one fell over. Still, if you are quite sure you know how it works—"

"Simplicity itself," I assured her, and raised the lid.

An hour or so later a sudden roar rewarded my efforts. I rushed forward, dexterously cast off the moorings, rushed aft, and found Pamela at the wheel.

"All shipshape and Bristol fashion," I said.

Pamela removed one hand from the wheel and gave her nautical blue trousers a hitch. "I'm sure they're

not," she said. "I had them made specially at Garridges, and Bridget's got a pair too."

I sighed.

"Don't you think I had better take the wheel?" I asked.

"Certainly not. I like steering."

"Then look out for that little cutter. You must give way."

"I shouldn't dream of it. I'm steering beautifully."

"Give way!" I repeated tensely. "We are under power."

"Yes, and we're under control too. It's great fun steering."

"Hard over!" I yelled as a fourteen-foot dinghy popped round the stern of an anchored yawl.

"Hard over where?" asked Pamela, and "Oh!" she added with a little shriek as she suddenly caught sight of the dinghy.

I switched off the engine and grabbed the wheel. We missed the dinghy by inches and bumped gently into the anchored yawl.

"Damn!" I said. "We've scratched Sam's paint."

"Sam——" Pamela began, but broke

off suddenly as a head emerged from the yawl's open hatch.

"Sam!" I cried.

"Sam," came the voice of Bridget Fraser, "what on earth is going on?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
With Sam's assistance we restored *Wayward* to her moorings.

"It's a mistake anybody might have made," Sam said cheerfully when we were aboard *Wilful*.

"Yes, it really is, isn't it?" asked Pamela a trifle anxiously.

"*Wayward* and *Wilful*," said Sam.

"Almost the same thing," I said.

"Practically identical," said Sam.

"And she's such a nice boat too," said Pamela. "I do hope we didn't scratch the paint very badly. I left half-a-pound of our bacon on board as a sort of peace-offering."

"It's good bacon," I said hopefully. "And I left four bottles of beer, and——"

"And I put a bottle of our dry sherry where they're bound to see it," said Sam.

"I wonder who they are?" said Pamela, "because——"

"I think," I said, uneasily watching the approach of a rowing-boat—"I think, in fact I feel almost sure, we are about to find out."

"There's just time to open a bottle of sherry," said Sam, and dived below.

"The Balkan States are actively engaged in seeking with their neighbours similar arrangements to those which Austria has now concluded, plus positive assurance from their patrons among the bib Powers."

*Daily Paper.*

Those with shirts to defend, in short.

### Mr. Punch on Tour.

The Exhibition of the original work of Living *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Folkestone Art Gallery from August 15th to September 12th.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Dumfries Burgh Museum until September 12th.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



"AN' DIS WAS DER PRISON."

"THEY MUST 'A FOUND IT DOMMED EASY TO GET OUT."

## Modern Detective Methods.

LET us be perfectly clear before we begin. This article has a gross circulation of about 11,714,329; and I challenge any other serious weekly to print an article with a better circulation than that. The proprietors of this organ may give a more modest estimate to advertisers, for all I know; but if so, they are confining themselves to the dreary topic of *sales*; which is not the same thing as *circulation*. Self-confident fellows may deafen the world with the audited accounts of their net sterilized *sales*: but what is a mere sale? The mere sale of a mere daily may mean no more than the lighting of another fire or the lining of another drawer. Does anyone do to the 2,000,000th net sterilized daily what men and women will do to this article? Does anyone, for example, carefully wrap it up and send it to a sick aunt in a different country, with instructions to pass it on to a lonely cattle-station in Queensland, Australia, and then to the nephew in New Zealand?

And that is far from all that will be done to this article. The first four million (certified) readers will read it again for the beauty of the thought. Of these 4,000,000 an audited 2,374,182 will read it a third time for the majesty of the style; and every time they read it their minds will be more potently drawn towards the beautiful and majestic goods which are advertised elsewhere. About 500,000, I admit, will then put the article away in the special drawer, with the lavender, the lockets and the locks of hair, as something they would like to keep by them for ever. These are not much use to the advertisers, maybe, for one seldom looks at the things one keeps by one for ever. But the figure given is a guaranteed minimum, and an absolutely aseptic affidavit to that effect has been filed at Somerset House.

About 600,000 readers—and this is a figure of special interest to advertisers—will read it in His Majesty's Prisons, remand cells and "approved" schools. It will be smuggled (if the experience of the past is any guide) from cell to cell, and read and re-read with that exceptional eagerness which the situation of the reader provokes. Such readers, to the advertiser, are

worth ten of the common sort, since they are looking forward to a different life in which they will be able to buy all the motor-cars and good things mentioned elsewhere; they have little else to do but dream of such purchases and are therefore completely free from sales-resistance.

About 970,164 readers will send the article to relatives in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. But the three Dominions last-named are still some way away, and about 204,567 (net registered) readers will be unable to wait for His Majesty's mail to take its deliberate course. These

evening coffee have heard about it—and so, of course, about the motor-cars, cigarettes and abdominal belts already mentioned.

It remains only to speak of the circulation of this article in the United States of America. For every person in that great country who *purchases* this article it is safe to say that five hundred will read it. It is safe to say that because nobody can prove the contrary. The article will have especial force in Congress, where the representatives, I am told, read this paper all the time; and when it is recalled how many people are represented by the gentlemen in Congress it will be seen at once how wide a (gross) circulation this article has in U.S.A.

When all these facts and figures are taken into account, and the necessary adjustments have been made, the advertisers (who seem to be the only important people in this world) will agree that we may have erred in the direction of under-estimation when we put the net sterilized circulation of this article on "Modern Detective Methods" at

11,714,329.

(It is a pity that there is now no space for the article.) A. P. H.

## Place-Names.

You've heard, maybe, of  
Snawkham,  
And Rosemary-on-Thyme,  
Of Queale and Nether-Pawkum,  
Stowbuttock, Grarle and  
Chyme,  
Of Dysshcupp down by Trav-  
ent,  
Where Brinkle greets the  
sun—  
And even if you haven't,  
How tunefully they run!

Steep Noddow, Twull and Squoodle,  
Pillbrocken, Mulcher's Wold,  
High Dyddlewyck-cum-Woodle—  
These mint the poet's gold.  
Scorn not our native place-names,  
Peculiar though they be,  
Nor scan with dubious face names  
Which mean so much to me.

Blest be all nomenclature  
That sings itself in verse,  
As planned by Man and Nature,  
To fill the poet's purse;  
And if such names as these on  
No map were ever seen,  
You'll grant there seems no reason  
Why they should not have been.  
D. C.



FLAT-LIFE.

THE KITCHENETTE.

will at once dispatch by telegraph or wireless a summary of the article to the far corners of the Empire; and it will be strange if, in doing so, they do not mention a few of the motor-cars, cigarettes, or abdominal belts which have come to their notice, together with the article.

I should mention too the quite extraordinary commotion which this article will cause among British consuls and trade representatives throughout the planet. Five-thousand-and-three net certified consuls will receive this article through the special consular facilities in a very few days; and it will not be long before the foreign men of business with whom they take their





"MY BILL ALWAYS WAS LUCKY. 'E WAS RUN OVER RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE 'OSPITAL."

## Ruins.

"WHILE we are on holiday," said Edith, "why don't you get some pictures of old ruins with your camera—the sort you could lecture to the Literary Society about? For the last five years Johnson-Clitheroe has provided the star lecture with his 'Camping in Cambria,' his 'Rambles in Rutlandshire,' his 'Scrambles in Sussex,' his 'Hiking in Hunts' and his 'Biking in Bucks,' and I think it is about time you asserted yourself."

"Not a bad idea," I said. "We'll call it 'Walking in Wales' or 'Lloitering near Llandudno.'"

"Llanbloff Castle is the place you want," said the hotel manager when we asked him. "You can easily find it. You just go straight on up the road until you come to a gate on the left and then cross a couple of fields till there's a gap in the hedge. Then skirt round to the left and you'll find a lane . . ."

We set off as directed, and it was quite ten minutes before we lost ourselves, which we both agreed was

pretty good. Then we waited till a man came by with some cows.

"We're looking for some old ruins," I said politely.

"Phwellillangollencarnarvon-lookyou," he said, or words to that effect.

"Much obliged," I replied, raising my hat and bowing.

"That wasn't much help," said Edith. "We'd better just walk on and on and hope for the best."

We trudged on and on, and eventually we met a man who said he thought there were some ruins about three miles down the lane. He was a stranger, and he couldn't say what sort of ruins they were.

"Did they look the right sort of ruins to give a lecture on to a rather high-class literary society?" I asked.

"That's precisely the sort of ruins they *did* look like," he replied. "In fact as I came by I said to myself, 'I shouldn't be surprised if those ruins weren't specially built to be lectured about to a high-class literary society.'"

This was very encouraging, but when at last we came in sight of the ruins my face fell.

"I've seen these ruins before," I said. "That high bit there with the sort of knob on top . . . don't you recognize it?"

Edith looked carefully, and suddenly it all came back to her.

"Johnson-Clitheroe used it in his lecture last year," she said. "Called 'Camping in Cambria.' He had a snap taken from just where we are standing."

We walked round and round, and kept recognizing other snaps that Johnson-Clitheroe had put on the screen in his lecture. It was obviously no good staying to take snaps if Johnson-Clitheroe had forestalled us, because even the Little Wobbley Literary Society wouldn't stand two lectures in successive winters about the same place. But at that moment a man came up and we asked him if there were any more ancient ruins in the vicinity.

"There's Llanbloff Castle," he said, "but it's two good miles away."

"But I thought *this* was Llanbloff Castle?" I said.

He laughed.

"This is an old ginger-beer factory that was burned down in '23," he said.

### Mr. Silvertop's Tact.

SPEAKING of crime, Mr. Silvertop complained that there was one solution which the police invariably ignored.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, the spikie, or as you might say, the supernat'heral. Ever 'eard of a Robert being put on a case simply because 'e 'ad second-sight?"

I had to admit I never had.

"Are you psy—spikie, Mr. Silvertop?"

"As it 'appens, I am, 'ighly. When I was a nipper of three I found Napoleon a-sitting in our larder 'olding a sort of post-mortar to 'imself on the Battle of Waterloo, and ever since I seen spooks so regular I don't think nothing of it. Been able to 'elp 'em, once or twice. Last week I 'elped the police as well.

"It was a bit of a rum do. There's an old 'ouse up 'Ampstead way where I done the wiring for a young couple—a reel gem of a Queen Anne, but they'd made it more like the lounge of a picture-palace, with cocktail-bars 'opping out at you unexpected.

"They sent for me last week and I finds the place 'umming with Roberts, snooping about with magnifying-glasses and test-toobs and such-like.

"Someone copped it?" I asks the butler.

"Not yet," 'e ses, and 'is dial was as white as if 'e'd floured it.

"'Ere, Mr. Silvertop," cries the young lady, an 'ard-boiled type, "what do you make of that?" And she leads me into the droring-room. 'Corlumme!' I ses. It wasn't 'arf a sight for sore eyes. All the glass tables was 'acked to bits, mirrors was cracked, there was red ink all over the cushions, green ink all over the walls, and across the carpet—one of them fancy modern ones with a droring of a tram-smash in one corner—was written 'RIGS' very big in blue ink.

"Well?" she asks. 'Looks to me as if a gorilla 'ad got loose with an 'atchet, Mum,' I ses. "What do the cops say?" 'They don't know nothing,' she ses. 'This is the third day running this 'as 'appened. First it was the sun-room, then the lib'ry, and now this 'ere. We've 'ad two policemen in the 'ouse the last two nights, but we might as well 'ave 'ad two tabby cats. We wants you to put the strongest burglar-catches you know of on every window in the place.'

"After I'd been out and bought some, I started to fix one on the landing-window. I 'adn't 'ardly bored the first 'ole when I felt a queer sort of pull at my sleeve. I whipped round

and there be'nd me was standing a thin little old lady leaning on a stick, with snow-white 'air and one of the nicest faces you ever saw. She was wearing a long kind of dressing-gown of lavender silk, and she smiles at me ever so kind.

"I 'opes they're paying you 'and-some for screwing them things on,' she ses, 'because otherwise you're wasting your time.'

"Meaning, Mum?" I asks.

"That they won't keep me out of my own 'ouse," she ses, and gives me a wink. "'Ow long ago was it your 'ouse, Mum?" I asks. 'I never was no good at figures,' she answers, 'but it was a terrible long time ago. Sixty years I lived in it, and in those days it was an 'ouse, and not a museum of atrocities!'

"There was a tear at the corner of 'er eye, and suddenly she looks as fierce as 'ell. It wasn't no good beating about the bush. I put it to 'er straight. 'Between you and me, Mum,' I ses, 'was it reely you what done all that damage downstairs?' 'It was,' she answers, 'and to-night I'm starting in up 'ere.'

"What beats me," I ses to 'er, 'is you look such a respectable kindly old lady. I've studied these things and you don't look like no poltergeist to me.' As luck would 'ave it there was a fat sergeant creeping up the stairs at that moment with a microscope in 'is 'and. 'Eh?' 'e ses, jumping, "'oo's calling me names?" 'Go on,' I tells 'im, 'I shouldn't wonder if you'll find a chimpanzee's thumb-print on the 'ousemaid's tooth-glass.'

"At that the old lady cackled fit to burst 'erself. 'Them police 'ave given me the first 'earty laugh I've 'ad for years,' she ses. 'You're right. I ain't no poltergeist. But I loved this 'ouse more than anything in life. When we 'ad it it was like a person, and we took the trouble to choose the furniture so it wouldn't be offended. And now look what these beasts 'ave done to it! They've put one of their disgusting spirit-booths—that's what she called the bar!—in the very room where dear Doctor JOHNSON took dinner, and the room where CHARLES LAMB 'ad 'is tea when 'e came 'ere as a little boy they've filled with their filthy glass and metal, and they've actually painted over the panelling!' And she banged 'er stick on the floor. I could see she 'ad to be 'andled with tact.

"'Look 'ere, Mum,' I ses, 'I know what the 'ouse means to you, and I'm with you every time over them 'aving desiccated it. It's a shame, what they done. But, after all, Mum, they're young, and they been brought up

something cruel, this generation 'as, on account of the War, not like you and me, Mum, begging your pardon. You're going to put finished to the peace of the old 'ouse for ever if you go on with them busting tricks. Things 'ave changed an 'ell of a lot since your day, Mum. If you go berserk another couple of nights this place'll be on the front-page of every newspaper in the world. It'll be full to the roof with men with dirty pencils and dirty cameras and dirty microphones and dirtier minds, and the old 'ouse'll never recover from it. You 'adn't thought of that, 'ad you, Mum?"

"The poor old dear looked ever so un'appy. 'No, I 'adn't,' she admitted. 'Well, listen, Mum,' I ses, 'you take my tip. Them two are the kind what never stays nowhere long. They're scrapping like pole-cats already, and sure as eggs they'll be divorced by next year. Then you and me'll 'ave to make certain the right people get the 'ouse. It'll be easy. But for the time being our only 'ope is for you to lie doggo.'

"She looks at me very 'ard for a bit. Then she ses: 'You're right. And thank you, I'm sure.' And then she fades out.

"You didn't bother after that to put on the burglar-catches, I suppose?" I asked him.

"I couldn't 'ardly refuse, seeing they wanted them so bad," Mr. Silvertop said apologetically. "'S'matter of fact, I'm taking 'em some extra special ones this afternoon. Gives me a chance to 'ave a crack with the old girl, 'oo's being as good as gold, and 'ave another laugh at the police. They're still there. Police! Corlumme!"

ERIC.

"For Sale — Talking Parrot—very reasonable."  
Advt.

Unreasonable parrots, please copy.



"VERDICT FOR LORD BOODED :  
PROTEST THAT PUNCH WAS LOW."  
Evening Paper headlines.

Bother Lord Boode. We weren't anything of the kind.

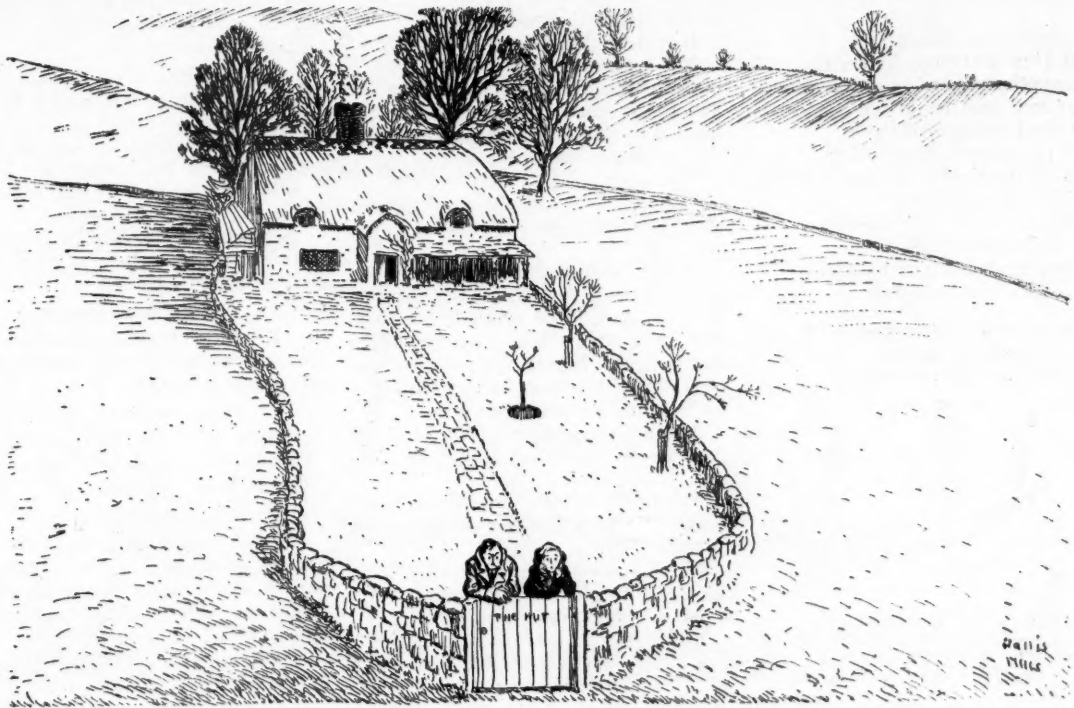
"RAILWAYS LOSE SMART APPEAL."  
Motor Paper.

But did they ever really have it?

A sporting old buffer at Chowes Was commanding his craft from the bhows;

Asked "Is it a yacht?"

He replied, "No, it's nacht. I've always been partial to dhows."



THE BROWNS BOUGHT THEIR COTTAGE IN THE WINTER AND FOUND IT A BIT DULL.



BUT THERE WAS PLENTY OF LIFE IN THE SUMMER.



### For the Air-Minded.

I've safaried in Sahara,  
And I've wandered in Peru:  
I've done the most adventurous things  
That any man could do.  
I've talked to angry Majors  
And Colonels during lunch;  
I've been attacked by fourteen lions  
Arriving in a bunch;  
And once I rode a fairy-cycle  
All the way to Hull.  
Yes, looking at it by and large,  
My life has not been dull.

But never was a frightened man  
So conscious of his sins  
As on that eventful morning  
When

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### Fan-Mail.

"WHAT do you do about your fan-mail?"

That is the question.

(This latter phrase may seem to you like a quotation from SHAKESPEARE. But no; it is a simple statement of my own. That is the question.)

But what is the answer?

There are several from which to choose.

To say: "Oh, I haven't any fan-mail," even with the addition "to speak of," would be not perhaps actually far, but a couple of footsteps at least from the truth. It would also be *bad publicity*. (See any letter from any American publisher to any author of any nationality.)

"My fan-mail? Oh, you mean my fan-mail! Well, I'm inclined to leave all that side of things to my secretary."

Good perhaps in its way, but lacking in conviction. Too many people in the village know one too well. They know one's secretary also, and that she is more often to be seen careering round to the shops with a string-bag, or exercising the dog, than dealing with fan- or any other mail.

Then, you say, never mind about

your own neighbourhood—which shows you've never lived there—but what about the great world beyond?

It still wouldn't do.

Not for a moment.

Quite frankly, one has neither the air, the manner, the clothes nor the income to enable one to get away with it. The self-assurance is lacking.

Try again.

"Ah, my fan-mail! Well—I make a great point of always answering it myself."

So I do. It doesn't take up more than about five minutes in as many months. But the questioner won't know that, and will simply think, according to his knowledge of human nature, that one is (a) kind, (b) boastful, (c) hard put to it to find something to do.

Another suggestion. Would it be possible to say something of this sort?:

"Fan-mail. Pitiful how these trans-Atlantic expressions are debasing the language!"

This has a rather good literary tang about it, and leaves the inquirer very much where it found him.

But is it gracious? Is it endearing? Is it kind—is it wise—is it true, as one's aunt used to say?

No.

We come then to the following:

"So much of this so-called fan-mail is simply an attempt at extorting an autograph."

(An autograph at the foot of a cheque, most likely—but never mind that now.)

Only the most persistent of questioners will insist upon carrying the inquiry any further.

And what, you now say, are the actual facts of the case about me and my fan-mail?

Let me come into the open.

It is not on account of my fan-mail that I spend hours at the writing-table. (Or, more accurately, in a small chair by the fire, with a pad against the back of the cat sitting on my knee, and a fountain-pen.)

Once in a while perhaps one may have occasion to write to an unknown correspondent:—

"DEAR SIR,—Thank you again and again for your kindness in pointing out my error on page 381 with regard to the habitat of the golden oriole. This shall be revised in all future editions."

And a very safe promise it is, too, in view of the statement recently received from one's publishers.

Or again:

"DEAR MADAM,—In reply to yours of the 17th. I have never had the pleasure of meeting your old friend

Mrs. Haggis of Looe, and any resemblance between her and the character of the grandmother in my last novel is purely accidental."

And there you are. Thus, and in no other way, does one deal with one's fan-mail.

The real difficulty—about which nobody ever inquires at all—is what to do with one's private correspondence.

Suggestions would be thankfully received as to suitable answers for the following:—

*From Aunt Emma:*

"Dear, don't you think that in the years to come you may regret some of all this scribbling?"

*From Cousin Gertrude:*

"Give my love to poor Charles. What does he do whilst you dash about after all these publishers?"

*From old Miss Twigg.*

"I feel I must send you this really vicious newspaper-cutting about your new book, in case you haven't seen it. What an odious man the reviewer must be!!!"

*From one's dear old school-friends:*

"P.S.—Do you ever write anything nowadays?" E. M. D.

### Rank.

"I THINK everybody in this hotel must be a shade mad," I said to Edith, "because they all insist on calling me *Colonel Conkleshill*. Makes one feel rather a fool."

Edith avoided my eye.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "it's my fault in a sort of way. When we arrived you remember you were busy with the luggage, and you asked me to sign the register. I looked down it to see if there was anybody here we knew, but there wasn't, and then I noticed that nearly everybody had a military title of some sort. There was Major and Mrs. Moggs-Moperly, Captain and Mrs. Cottlesloe-Crump and family, and Lieutenant-Colonel Coppins and daughters. And on the impulse of the moment I signed the book '*Colonel and Mrs. Conkleshill*.' It really looked rather well, but of course if I'd only thought I would have seen that it might lead to complications."

"It won't lead to complications," I said firmly, "because I shall go straight to the office and cross out the '*Colonel*' and tell the manager that you wrote it in a fit of temporary insanity."

She looked pained.

"I'm sure you wouldn't want people to think your wife was insane, even temporarily," she said. "And think



"DON'T LOOK FOR A MINUTE, PERCY, BUT I'M ALMOST SURE THAT WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED."

what fools we shall look! It will ruin the holiday. It'll be much easier just to go on being a Colonel. Of course some of the other military men will probably ask you what regiment you were in and where you have served; and if you had an ordinary common brain that would be embarrassing, but with your wonderful imagination it will be child's-play."

Weakly, I consented to remain a Colonel for the rest of our stay, and I must admit it was rather fun inventing a past. Luckily I had dozens of Colonel Hogg's anecdotes to draw upon, and my stories of the Bhoola-Bhoola campaign were listened to in rapt silence.

"You're doing marvellously," said Edith. "I said it would be perfectly easy, and think how nice it is for me to be the wife of a heroic Colonel for once instead of the wife of a plain poet that nobody has ever heard of! And I'm sure you will still manage somehow, even when the Johnson-Clitheroes do arrive. Just at first when the manager told me some more Little Wobbley people were coming I was a teeny-weeny bit afraid that it might be awkward."

I gasped.

"When are they coming?" I asked.

And when she told me they were expected hourly I decided that we must move to another hotel. Johnson-Clitheroe is a chartered accountant, and chartered accountants are a hard-hearted race with an inbred conviction that two and two make four and that false pretences are false pretences. So Edith went upstairs to pack, and I went tremblingly down to the office to ask for my bill. I felt that it would be just my luck if I found the Johnson-Clitheroes in the vestibule, but the coast seemed to be quite clear.

"You want your bill, Colonel Konkleshill?" said the manager in surprise. "But I thought you were staying another couple of days? Such a pity you're going just as those friends of yours have arrived. They came in not five minutes ago, and they were delighted when they saw your name in the book. They seemed quite amused for some reason, and laughed heartily. And then when they wrote their own names in the book they laughed heartily again."

At that moment Johnson-Clitheroe came up.

"I think you know each other," said the manager: "Colonel Konkleshill—General Johnson-Clitheroe."

So we stayed on after all, and the

General and I exchanged yarns across the table of the old days in Bhoola-Bhoola.

#### Little Tommy Tucker?

"Young Tenor Singer wishes to sing in exchange for his keep. Only ambition."  
*Newspaper Advert.*

"Unwanted Wool gratefully received by village working party, providing food for London destitute."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

**Good recipe for Cooking Wool.**—To 1 lb. unwanted wool add about three pints water, a little butter and one large onion. Cook slowly about three hours (or until wool is edible).

"In the account of the Mock Radio Night performed by the Pinner 'Imps' Mrs. Newlywed's visit to the butcher was given by Mrs. Becker, not Mrs. Beeper, who also took the part of Lucy in the Traffic Hold-up, and not Mrs. Becher, as stated. In 'Love or Lucre,' Lady Ann was taken by Miss Carr, not Miss Cast. Miss Carr is the branch-secretary and not Miss Care."—*Local News.*  
All clear now?

"It was cold enough yesterday in London and on the coast for people to wear over-cats."—*West-Country Paper.*



### Otherly Love.

As I stumble about the excavated streets of the metropolis, resisting the blandishments of shoe-shiners and flicking cigarette-butts from me in graceful arcs, I am often struck not only by flying portions of greasy newspaper, but also by aphorisms, right between the eyes. No one in London to-day is safe from aphorisms, any more than from bacteria. They are plastered all over the place on walls; I have seen more than one in a tailor's window; and not so long ago I saw stuck up outside a church, or something, the one that has roused me in this particular instance to write. It read: "Think of others as if you were the others." All I can say is that I've tried this and it's killing me.

The first impulse of the keen man of affairs, after making sure that he has grasped this injunction and that there is no possibility, or hope, of a printer's error, is to say cautiously: "What others?" The only satisfactory answer to this is obviously "All others." By now considerably less keen, the keen man of affairs makes this answer, in an apprehensive tone, beginning to feel like Laocoon or the Income-Tax Simplification Commission. He has entered the lists with a thought which will not rest until it has laid him waste.

Myself, I have grappled prodigiously with this thought on solitary walks, without any result except that I have been nearly run over more often than usual. It seems to me to possess the unique quality of being at the same time as elusive as a mountain goat and as all-pervading as a miasma.

I began in all innocence by trying to do exactly what the aphorism told me to do. I began trying to think of others as if I were the others. Immediately I was in difficulties. Obviously it couldn't mean that I was to imagine myself all others and then begin to think, because if I were all others there wouldn't be anybody left to think of, except perhaps a rather colourless person who overslept and got left out the first time, or a deep-sea diver who was under the Atlantic when the count was taken. But equally obviously it couldn't mean that I was to think about all others, because if I were to think about all others there wouldn't be anybody left for me to be, besides myself, except the diver. And it didn't seem to me that just the diver and I could dignify ourselves in this connection by the term "others," even if he were a very stout and active diver by the name of Legion.

Well, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN said, you can't be all the others and think about nobody, and you can't be nobody and think about all the others, but you can be some of the others and think about some of the others; only he said it a little differently, this poster not having been printed in his time.

I therefore came to this conclusion, because it seemed the only possible one: it must mean that I was to suppose myself some of the others, and think about the rest of the others. But here the necessity arose for another quite arbitrary decision. Given this great bunch or wad of Others, in what proportions were they to be divided? Was I to be forty per cent. of them and think about sixty per cent.? If so, why not forty-one and fifty-nine? Why couldn't I be forty-nine point two per cent. and think about forty-five point eight per cent., with four point four per cent. spoiled papers and point six per cent. loss by leakage? On the other hand, why should I?

At about this stage in my deliberations I found myself mentally offering these figures to the deep-sea diver, who checked them with a small red pencil slippery with seaweed and handed them back, saying: "Perfect, pal, perfect."

A further difficulty arose when the goats among the others had been separated quite at random from the sheep, or the sheep at random from the goats. What was I, in the character of one group, to think about the other?

The original aphorism was obviously meant to bear some ethical significance. The idea was that I should be a better man if I would only make it my business to think of others as if I were the others. Now how could any ethical significance possibly be found in the idea of a lot of sheep thinking about a lot of goats, let alone that of a lot of goats thinking about a lot of sheep? "Look here," I felt inclined to demand of the originator of this poster, accompanying myself on the ukulele, "did you EH-ver see a goat—THINKING? Well I did!" The ethical principles of goats have never been considered laudable, and as for the sheep, they may be wolves in disguise for all you and I know.

Of course we have to face the fact that the aphorism did not mention either goats or sheep. For the presence of all the livestock in this article I am solely responsible, and I shall have only myself to blame if our numbers are shortly swollen by the addition of a couple of Inspectors from the Ministry of Health. But it does seem to me that I and the keen man of affairs I mentioned to begin with have a legitimate complaint against the carver of this cherry-stone, the mixer of this brew.

"Think of others as if you were the others." It will probably go on fizzing away in our heads for months, but at the time of writing the nearest we have got to extracting from it a coherent philosophy is this: "Act generally so that if you were a considerable number of other people you would be giving a kind thought to all the other people you were not, in the assumption that, by an ingenious device, all those other people would be thinking themselves a lot of other people in order to give a kind thought to you, you being the remainder."

And I don't know what you think, but to me that seems just about as coherent as an egg-and-cress sandwich.

R. M.

### What the Butcher Found.

(vide Press.)

A BUTCHER whistling at his task—  
And, gruesome though his lot,  
Good butchers brave it with a mask,  
And what for no, I frankly ask;  
In other words, why not?—

Discovered as he pegged away,  
Remote from sudden shocks,  
A one-pound note that deeply lay  
Embedded in the mortal clay  
Of a lamented ox.

Glad was that butcher's heart, I trow,  
And warm his inmost core;  
No doubt he sang, if he knew how;  
Yet will he never be from now  
As he was heretofore.





Ledger Clerk. "THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG. IT'S RIGHT!"

He plied his daily task with *vim*,  
He gave the nights to sleep;  
A bullock, be it ne'er so grim,  
A simple bullock was to him,  
A sheep was but a sheep.

But now, as to the postman's rap  
Thrills the expectant bride,  
E'en so must he, poor luckless chap,  
Live in a dream of what may hap  
In any beast's inside.

And when from hour to punctual hour  
Fresh carcasses lie ope  
And yield him nought, I see that flower  
Of butcherdom grow wan and sour  
And sick with baffled hope.

I see him growing ever slack,  
His manly vigour fail;  
His lord demurs; he answers back;  
He gets the melancholy sack;  
And—how to end the tale?

#### EPITAPH.

Here lies a butcher, on whose doom  
Misfortune put the lid;  
A prey to hope's illusive bloom  
He lost his job, and found a tomb,  
All for a mangy quid. DUM-DUM.

"GUM TREE ON STAMPS."

*Philatelic News.*

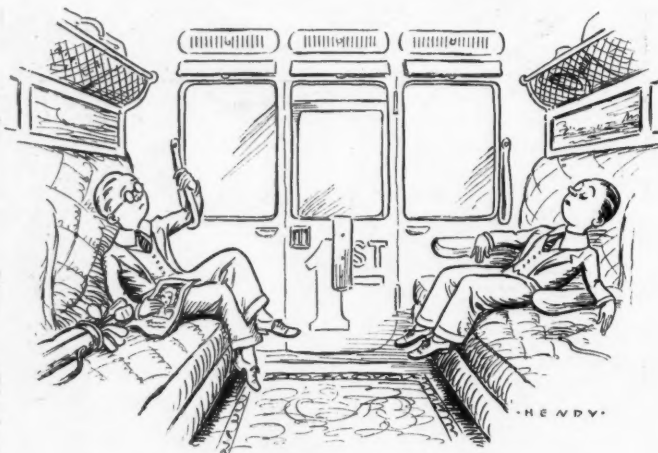
Easier to gum stamps on tree.

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### Parnell—a Labyrinth with Two Clues.

DESPITE the embarrassing profusion of books about Parnell (COLDEN-SANDERSON, 15/-) there seems to me room for Miss JOAN HASLIP's sincere, if perhaps rather biased, effort to retell the whole story; for this is obviously one of those rare cases when the whole truth about a public career cannot be related without a parallel exposure of private life. The tragic mental history of the PARNELL family, the heart-breaking thoroughness of PARNELL's entanglement with the O'SHEAS, were not only impediments to his otherwise masterly handling of Home Rule; they were factors to be reckoned with—explicitly or implicitly—by every English political faction of the period. It is in her conscientious treatment of these repercussions that Miss HASLIP shows herself the historian; though there are still better summaries—R. C. K. ENSOR's, for example—of the gist of the matter. Miss HASLIP is, perhaps naturally, her hero's partisan; she tries hard to overcome an equally natural aversion to Mrs. O'SHEA; and if she is less than just to TIM HEALY it is not because she is blind to the difficulties of a party at odds with its leader on almost every matter of personal—as opposed to political—conviction.



"I SAY, LANSDOWNE, WHAT PLANS ARE YOU MAKING FOR YOUR PEOPLE THESE HOLS?"

### Love's Paper Chase.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY starts his new novel—*They Walk in the City* (HEINEMANN, 8/6)—in the textile town of Haliford, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a town that, like others addicted to the textile habit, reached its peak of prosperity during the War and has been sliding down the other side of the hill since. Our author, as is his engaging habit, starts by introducing a group of characters, preferably in some northern town, and scarcely have you begun to know and like them before you are hurried off to a new centre, with a new group, and introduced to a fresh lot. And they are all so pleasantly described that one would like a few more pages of their society, were it possible. But it never is possible. Our amiable pair of lovers, who are perpetually losing and finding each other again, must have their allotted quota of adventure. Thus *Rose Salter*, who starts the opening chapter by getting fired from the Keep-Yu-Kozee underwear factory in Haliford, no sooner meets *Edward Fielding* than she is hurried off to London to find a job as waitress in the "Copper Kettle," and thence to a big shop in the Marylebone Road. *Edward*, who has hastily followed her to London, has barely tracked her down when she is off again, spirited away into private service this time, under an assumed name, having shielded a shop-lifting friend. And

so the chase is pursued through some five hundred pages, the final stage, as is only right, being the fiercest and perhaps the least credible. But never mind! it has been a good run, and the reader, with the summer holidays before him, will no doubt enjoy himself thoroughly with all the new acquaintances he will find in these pages.

### "O Who Will O'er the Downs So Free . . ."

Taking umbrage (and very rightly) at KAREL CAPEK's contention that rural England is one large park, Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM devotes the happiest of all his panegyrics of the countryside not to moor and mountain but to *English Downland* (BATSFORD, 7/6). As long as a thousand cars traverse the Blandford-Salisbury road for ten pedestrians who know Cranborne Chase, the indigenous English chalk-country of yew and juniper (for even the beeches are interlopers) remains accessible to adventurous discovery. And such discovery this exhilarating book pursues among the downs of Wilts, Hants, Dorset, Berks and Sussex, with a chapter—unluckily curtailed—on outcrops in the Eastern Counties. A preliminary survey of chalk's primeval inhabitants has so little of the dry-as-dust quality that its inspiration pervades the whole book; and among a hundred photographs I particularly commend the aerial views of Old Sarum and Maiden Castle. There are occasions when the photographer's choice falls short of the discernment of the text: I should not, myself, have depicted East Hagbourne when East Hendred was available. But such records as "Thatched Wall at Blewbury" and "Stonehenge at Sunset" exhibit both rarity and charm.

### Missing the Bus.

Few books in the history of publishing can have been so badly left behind by the march of events as General VIRGIN's *The Abyssinia I Knew* (MACMILLAN, 8/6). The Swedish soldier, well known as confidential military adviser to HAILE SELASSIE before the war, writes of Ethiopia, her constitution, army, monarchy, political boundaries, as of established institutions no more liable to violent change than, say, the Royal House of Italy. Only in his last chapters does he make it appear that a conflict with a European Power is near at hand, and he gives some account of the now remote Wal-Wal incident. The greater part of his volume is a rather lifeless repetition of already familiar descriptive detail, for by a final irony it is only very occasionally that he feels free to touch on matters of policy within his own knowledge which might well be of general interest. The confidences he fears to divulge are already as ancient as the loves of the Queen of Sheba, founder of the Ethiopian line.

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